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The Outlook

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Volume 140 May 6, 1925 Number 1

Trade Before Honor

THE British Ambassador, Sir Esme Howard, has voiced his regret that the British flag should be used as a cover for violators of American customs laws. He has said that there is no man in England with any sense of responsibility who does not deplore the use of the British flag by the smugglers of liquor. It is because of this feeling, he has said, that Great Britain makes no diplomatic protests concerning American interpretation of the extension of the three-mile territorial limit. The British and Canadian Governments, according to Sir Esme Howard, "have always been willing to leave issues to be decided by American courts of justice without any diplomatic intervention."

Undoubtedly Sir Esme in his statement has presented his own views clearly and frankly, and undoubtedly his views represent the opinion of responsible leaders of British opinion. The fact remains, however, that British ships are given clearance from British ports by British authorities under circumstances which make it obvious to all but the willfully blind that their mission is the violation of American law. There is much in the British attitude towards her rum-running nationals which reminds us of the attitude of the Government of Sir John Russell towards the escape of the Alabama in contravention of England's obligation as a neutral.

The construction of the Alabama meant money in the pockets of British ship-builders. The sailing of the rum fleet means money in the pockets of Britons interested in "the trade." The liquor business in Great Britain numbers many high in Church and State among its shareholders and its allies.

We accept the words of the British Ambassador as a welcome sign of a growing British conscience. Meanwhile the British rum fleet continues to clear for the high seas and for ports which it never expects or intends to reach.

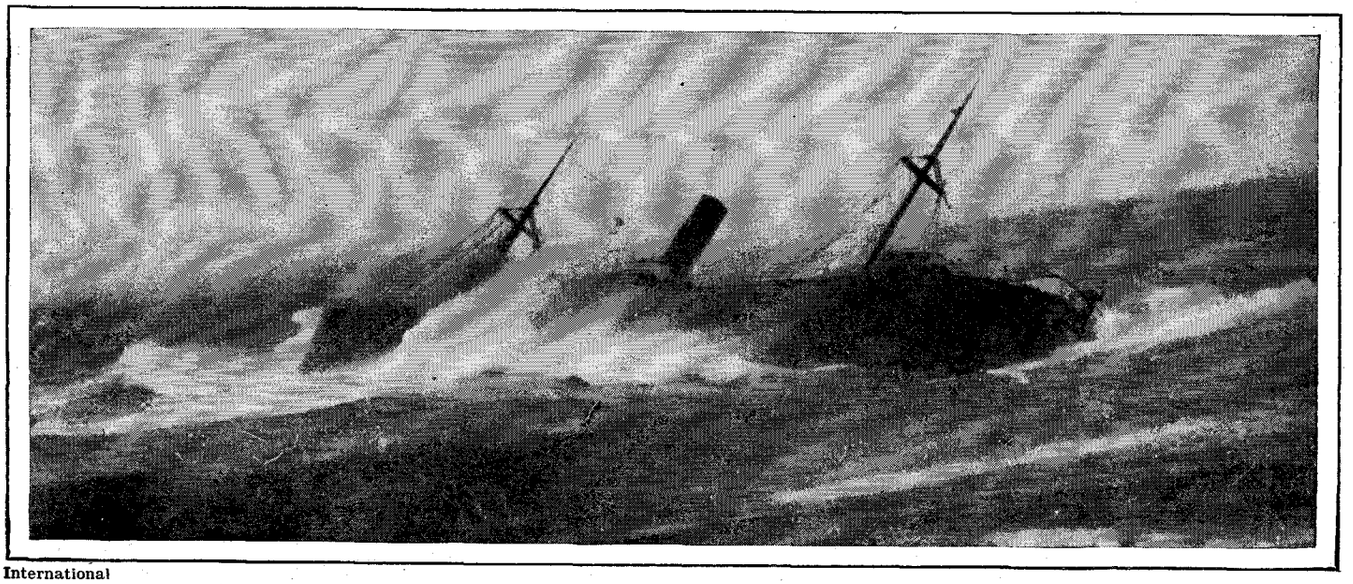
Honor Before Trade

IF the British flag covers a certain number of rum-runners who have no regard for the fame of their own land, it also covers a vastly greater number of British sailors schooled in the high traditions of the sea. Perhaps the greatest of these traditions and the one most universally recognized is that which declares that no risk is too great to undergo if there is the slightest chance of saving life at sea.

When the captain of the Homeric, John Roberts, received the S. O. S. of the Japanese freighter Raifuku, he fought his way through a fifty-mile gale to reach the point where the distressed steamer lay. When he arrived, he found the Raifuku almost on her beam ends. He took up a position to windward in order to create an oil slick which would permit the rescue of the seamen seen clinging to the superstructure of the Raifuku. He found that he could not hold this position without danger of being driven against the Raifuku. While he was maneuvering to get to leeward of the Raifuku the freighter turned turtle and went down.

To all those who know anything of the power of the sea or its traditions it is obvious that Captain Roberts did everything which the ablest of seamen could accomplish. Some reporter with more inquisitiveness than good sense asked Captain Roberts how it felt to see a steamer sink before his eyes. He replied, "Just as you would feel if you saw people in a burning building whom you were unable to rescue."

Landlubbers on board the Homeric and other landlubbers even farther removed from the scene of distress who have in the pride of their ignorance ventured to criticise the conduct and the courage of Captain Roberts have spoiled a painfully large amount of perfectly good paper with their theories and their vaporings. Doubtless they will go to their graves thinking how much wiser



International

The Raifuku Maru from the deck of the S. S. Homeric

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and braver they would have been than the commander of the Homeric.

Neither Captain Roberts's reputation nor the reputation of the British merchant marine will be injured thereby. Their reputation has been enhanced rather than injured by the tragedy of the Raifuku.

World Court

ADHERENCE of the United States to the World Court of International Justice is, doubtless, brought measurably nearer by what occurred at the recent meeting in Washington of the American Society of International Law. Charles E. Hughes, former Secretary of State, and Frank B. Kellogg, incumbent of that office, spoke with decided vigor in favor of adherence, and both came very close to a tone of reproof because the United States has held aloof so long. It was apparent, too, that the membership of the Society generally look with favor upon adherence.

Secretary Kellogg found occasion to say that the people of the United States must be brought to think in terms of settlement of international disputes by law and not by force, and told the members of the Society that it is a part of their duty to assist in bringing this about. The lawyer, he reminded them, is a leader of thought in America and can exert tremendous influence in this behalf.

The Secretary of State told the Society, too, that more attention should be given to the training of international lawyers. The country, he said, has need for many more than are available. Only a few years ago, he said, international law was in the main an academic subject. To-day it is decidedly a practical —and practiced—subject, from which as many lawyers as have equipped themselves for the work are making money.

Quite evidently, the Secretary of State believes that there will be constantly more and more work for international lawyers in the United States. He believes that, so far as possible, they should be, not merely specialists on international law, but general practitioners.

Both Mr. Hughes and Secretary Kellogg condemned the idea, of which Senator Borah is the outstanding proponent, that adherence to the World Court should be postponed until the body of international law is made complete and thoroughly codified. International law, they pointed out, is not greatly different from the common and statutory law, never complete, always growing, thereby making complete codification forever impossible. The surest way to secure adequate codification, they contended, is to establish the Court.

The Pulitzer Prizes

THE annual award of the prizes provided by the late Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York "World," always attracts interest and comment. The awards for 1924 have points of special interest.

Two reporters shared the prize of $1,000 for furnishing the best example for reportorial work during the year. Their achievement certainly was an extraordinary one. Together, these two young men, James W. Mulroy and Alvin H. Goldstein, both at the time on the Chicago "News," discovered evidence which led to the solution of the murder of young Robert Frank in Chicago and compelled the murderers, Nathan Leopold and Robert Loeb, to admit the crime simply because they could not withstand the force of the proof brought by these two reporters. It was a great achievement in detective skill as well as in newspaper energy.

The prize of $500 for the best cartoon published in any American newspaper during the year was awarded to Mr. Rollin Kirby, of the New York "World," for his picture entitled "News from the value for the best newspaper editorial Outside World." A prize of equal was awarded to the "News and Courier," of Charleston, South Carolina, for the editorial called "The Plight of the South;" the writer is known to be Mr. Robert Lathan, who has been editor of that paper for many years.

No one is likely to question the justice of the awards for the best novel and best book of verse of the year. Miss Edna Ferber's "So Big" is not only an excellent story, but it does precisely what the condition laid down by Mr. Pulitzer calls for; that is, it does "present the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standards of American manners and manhood." Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson does not require the present honor of the $1,000 prize for the best book of verse to confirm the verdict already rendered by both critics and readers of American poetry. The title of his book thus distinguished is "The Man who Died Twice." Mr. De Wolfe Howe's Life of Barrett Wendell received the prize for biography. The award for the best book of the year relating to American history goes to Mr. Frederick Paxson for his "History of the American Frontier."

Mr. Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" receives the $1,000 prize for the best play representing "the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste, and good manners."

For once there was no award made "for the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper," no fully satisfactory instance of such a service having been found by the judges.

There can be no question that this annual recognition of excellence in the realms of imaginative literature, history, and newspaper work is valuable in furnishing incentive and still more so in recognizing work worthy of high praise.

The House of Loquacity Under Fire

IT may be accepted now as a certainty —or as nearly a certainty as any future event can be—that when the United States Senate meets regularly in December, or earlier at the call of the President, there will begin quite the liveliest contest that this august body has known perhaps in its entire history. Vice-President Dawes has "gone to the country" with his demand that the rules of the Senate be revised in such a way as to make filibustering impossible. He has announced that he will take the fight into the home States of Senators who oppose revision. He has found occasion already to present his case to at least two important organizations whose members exercise decided influence over public opinion.

Meanwhile, any dream that the Senate might be complaisant has been shattered. The Senate, of course, is not in session, and its individual members have said nothing of consequence since adjournment on March 4. Still, the fact has been made clear in one way and another—in newspaper articles, in utterances by former Senators and others—that Senators, regardless of political affiliation, believe that an open forum should be maintained on the Senate floor and that a cloture rule such as the Vice-President demands would bring evil consequences. Many Senators will contend when the time comes that very little meritorious legislation has ever been defeated by the tactics known as filibustering, and both Democrats and Republi-

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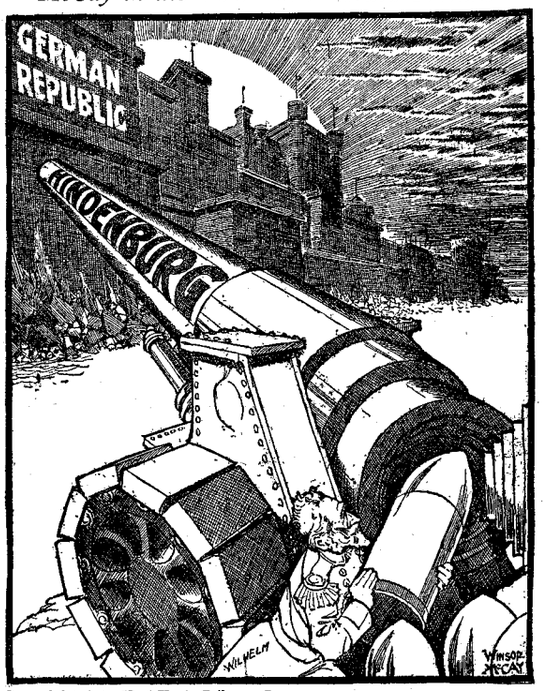
Thou art returned so soon?

(Comedy of Errors, Act I, Scene 2)

McCay in the New York Herald-Tribune



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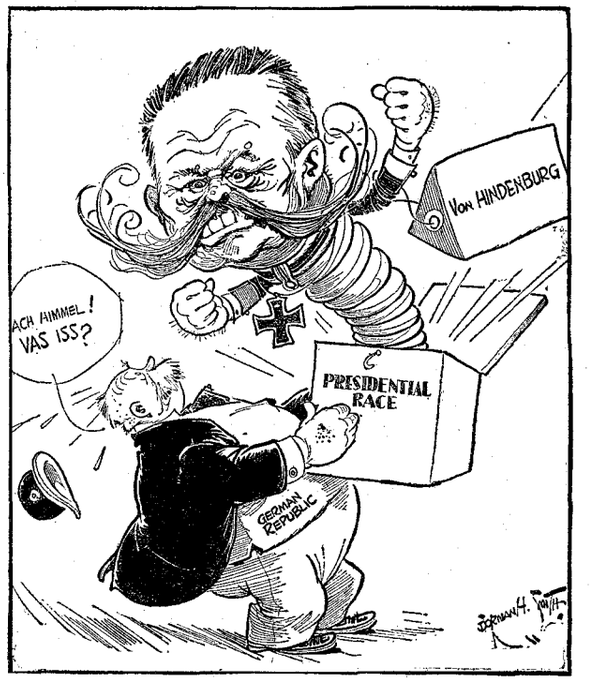
Noch einmal!

From D. S. Irmie, New York, N. Y.

Smith in the Plainfield (N. J.) Courier-News



A surprise package

From C. J. Churton, Plainfield, N. J.

Cargill in the Kansas City Journal

IF I WANT TO KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES GUESS I'LL HAVE TO ERECT A MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF BENEDICT ARNOLD AND MAKE BERGDOLL SECRETARY OF STATE!
FRANCE
CAILLAUX

The prodigal's return!

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kan.

Reid for the Bell Syndicate

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Will need some unwinding

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cans will contend that the filibuster has saved the country at various times from much foolish legislation. They will defend it as a bulwark against fits of temporary insanity to which the Senate, for all its poise and dignity, is admittedly subject. Undoubtedly the Senate needs protection against its own insanity. When the Senate offers that argument, the country will not offer denial. But is the Senate ever so insane that the only hope of salvation must depend on the sanity of a single member? If so, it is time for the country to consider some other and better form of autocracy than that of the filibuster.

Very likely the Senate will adopt a new cloture rule. Probably this will be done at the beginning of the session, before the Vice-President has time to apply the thumbscrews. But it will be no such sweeping revision as Mr. Dawes demands. If a drastic cloture rule ever comes, it will be after Dawes has made his fight to the finish—barring, of course, the impossible, which sometimes happens in the United States Senate.

Senator Wheeler's Acquittal

Senator Burton K. Wheeler, acquitted by a jury at Great Falls, Montana, of the charge of wrongfully using the influence of his office with the Department of the Interior in connection with oil permits, still is under indictment in the District of Columbia on charges of the same kind, but involving an alleged conspiracy. Senator Wheeler has said that the facts on which the Government will rely in the District of Columbia case are the same as those put forward in the Montana case, but representatives of the Department of Justice asserted at the time the indictment was brought that a new and different set of facts are involved. After the acquittal at Great Falls friends of Senator Wheeler entertained the belief that the District of Columbia indictment would be dismissed. Representatives of the Department of Justice have indicated that this will not be done, but that the case will go to trial.

In view of this state of affairs, it is probably not within the province of the press to comment in detail upon the Montana trial. It may be said, however, that Senator Wheeler, since his integrity was brought in question when he was in the midst of the Daugherty investigation, has come successfully through two ordeals. A committee of the Senate, with Borah as its chairman, investigated the charges against Wheeler and exonerated him. The jury at Great Falls considered the same facts, with some new ones that the Government was able to present, and reached the same conclusion. In the judgment of his colleagues in the Senate and of a jury of his fellow-citizens of Montana, Senator Wheeler has done nothing criminal or blameworthy.

Following his acquittal at Great Falls Senator Wheeler reiterated his statement that the charges against him are the result of a malicious "frame-up" by Daugherty and Daugherty's friends. This, he says, is true no less of the Washington indictment than of the Montana indictment.

That a grievous wrong has been perpetrated either by or against Senator Wheeler can hardly be doubted.

A Year After the Senate Investigations

The trial in Washington will probably be even more bitter than the one in Great Falls. In view of his undeviating assertion of a "frame-up," it appears probable that Senator Wheeler may, if he is acquitted in Washington, begin proceedings for malicious prosecution against some of those responsible for the two indictments against him. The men actively in charge of the prosecution, however, are probably in the same situation as the District Attorney at Great Falls, who said while shaking hands with Senator Wheeler following the acquittal that it was "just a case" to him.

The public will wait with considerable interest the outcome of the Wheeler trial in Washington, but meanwhile there is cause for gratification that the scandalous turmoil stirred up by the Senatorial investigations of Fall and Daugherty is largely behind us.

The indictments against Sinclair and Doheny in the District of Columbia have been quashed on a trivial technicality, it appears. The trial of the civil case—to determine whether the leases of Government oil reserves to them shall stand or be set aside—is finished, the evidence taken once for all, and the judgment of the trial court is shortly to be announced. There will be an appeal, of course. A matter of such importance must inevitably go to the Supreme Court of the United States for final adjudication. Ultimate decision is not to be expected for a long time yet. But the acute stage is passed. Passions have measurably subsided. Men holding opposite views can now speak calmly concerning the whole affair.

In the Wheeler case alone passions are still aflame.

The Watchman of Our Forests

Secretary of Agriculture Jardine, in his radio address for American Forestry Week, told his audience of millions that deforestation is moving four times as fast as reforestation—in effect, that for every baby tree given a start in life four mature trees are slaughtered.

Secretary Jardine is the official head of forestry efforts in the United States. The Forest Service is one of the bureaus of his great Department. State forestry departments, where they have been established, must be in large measure emulators of the Federal Forest Service Private owners of woodlands, who, as the Secretary pointed out, should constantly grow trees as crops, look to the Federal Forest Service for instruction and guidance in growing this slow-maturing crop

On the Secretary of Agriculture, on Mr. Jardine and his successors, will continue to rest the responsibility for insuring the future of the United States against timber shortage. It is good to know that there is in that office a man who appreciates the gravity of the responsibility. His address furnishes good reason for believing that he realizes the paramount importance of reforestation—of bringing about a reform in forestry methods which will start at least one baby tree toward maturity for every mature tree cut for the lumber or fuel it contains.

It may be that National Forests even when they are supplemented by State and municipal forests can never be made to grow enough trees to take the place of all those that are cut. Indeed, it is not desirable that all of our timber supply should be in public forest reservations. The farm wood lot should continue, as it always has been, one of the largest sources of our timber supply. Only thus can anything like an even distribution of timber throughout the country ever be restored. Only thus can the beauty and the utility of our countrysides be maintained.

Reforestation, in the National Forests, in State and municipal forests, in the scattered woodlands of the farms—there lies the paramount duty of the profession of forestry. Only the duty of protecting existing forests from fire and their other enemies is comparable with it.

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Taking the Worm Out of Wormwood

As we go to press we have received the following letter addressed to the Editor-in-Chief:

22 April, 1925.

Since you have seen fit to ignore my request that no more copies of The Outlook be sent to me, may I also be permitted to overlook the statement that I would not write you further on the subject?

I feel that I must tell you how much I have enjoyed and appreciated the title or heading that you have given my letter—"Academic Calm." It seems almost that you have the saving sense of humor! Let me assure you that I have really enjoyed this as much as have my many friends who have called my attention to it.

The letter was, as you note, written in haste and on the spur of the moment, under the stinging lash of your cutting editorial, which reflected on the whole profession of forestry. It was mailed without the deliberation and revision that it should have had. Your editorial retort was, however, rather more than it deserved under the circumstances. From that it seems that you reserve to yourself the right and privilege of calling names, and of making all sorts of unkind, unjust statements, as well as innuendos and insinuations. For you to make the statement—"That this spirit of surrender in the face of an enemy is one which runs throughout the Forest Service, and indeed extends into the profession of forestry, is indicated by letters which The Outlook has received"—shows, of course, both scholarly acumen and gentlemanly chivalry. But when one replies in somewhat similar, though lighter vein, he is considered neither a scholar nor a gentleman.

While I do not care to enter into a discussion with you as to your exact definitions of these terms, the first statement may be true, but is certainly a sad reflection on a "Professor." The second may also be true, but I have never before had it brought so forcibly to my attention.

In return, however, for your delightful title to my letter, I will be very glad to retract the sentence about the "worm." You are quite right that it should never have been included, either from the standpoint of courtesy or of common sense.

I stand firmly on the other statements in the letter.

Very truly yours,
JOHN M. BRISCOE,
Professor of Forestry.

Department of Forestry,
University of Maine,
Orono, Maine.

So far from considering the writer of this letter neither a scholar nor a gentleman, we assumed that he was both, and that he wrote with a lively sense of what was becoming in each. Professor Briscoe's withdrawal of some of his former words (published in The Outlook for April 15) is accepted cordially and here recorded with pleasure. We cannot understand why Professor Briscoe objects to the words "spirit of surrender" which we used to describe the attitude of practically every forestry expert who has written us concerning the chestnut blight. We have been told that the fight against the chestnut blight is understood to be hopeless, and that to spend money on the fight is to waste it. These are typical expressions. Concerning the effort to check the blight the Chief Forester himself uses the word "futile." Not one word has come to us to indicate that the profession of forestry has not surrendered all chestnut forests in this country to this fatal disease.

Wide World Photos

The mosaic floor of a Roman palace near Tunis, uncovered by the Franco-American Expedition

The Hunt Underground

An active form of emulation among the nations has developed in the field of archæology. Never before have so many expeditions been at work upturning the stone records of ancient days. Carthage, Babylon, Utica, Ur, Egypt, are almost daily yielding to discovery monuments, tombs, historical information, or picturesque proofs of the way in which the people of antiquity lived, worked, and worshiped.

Thus at Ur of the Chaldees, a name which recalls the time and life of Abraham, last month saw uncovered by the joint exploration workers for the British Museum and the Pennsylvania University a large sculptured monument of

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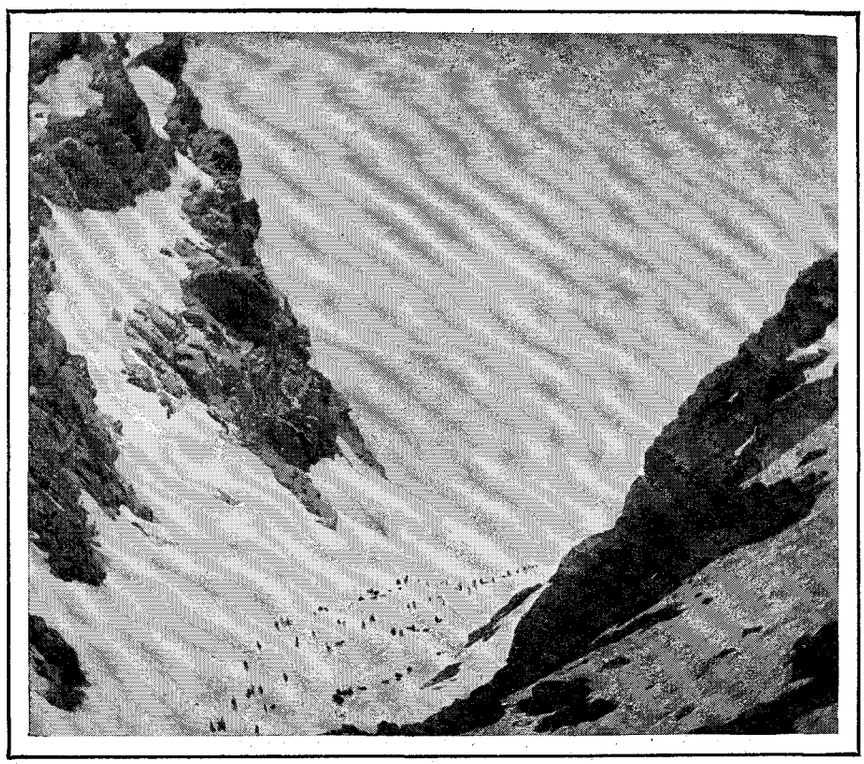

Toiling up the Zardeh Kuh

King Ur-Engur, King of Babylonia some four thousand years ago. This "stela" is pronounced by the discoverers "one of the greatest pieces of art known to man and the most important archæological object ever found in Mesopotamia." One notable point of interest in this slab is that it shows in pictured carving the building of the Tower of Ur, which may have suggested the legend of the Tower of Babel, and also a portrait of King Ur-Engur and the only portrait of Nannar, the Moon God, ever found.

Near Carthage, and at the spot where Dido is reputed to have landed, a Franco-American expedition under the leadership of Count de Prosok, in which our Rochester University has a part, is busy in uncovering ancient columns and pagan sanctuaries. An amusing contrast with a double human-nature touch is seen in the discovery at Carthage of a child's savings-bank with its little bronze coins rattling inside and at Utica of a gambler's dice-box with a pair of beautiful ivory dice. Also near Tunis a villa, Roman in structure and art, vies with the Pompeiian houses in its mosaics and bright-colored frescoes.

The Harvard and Boston Museum expedition has yet to publish the details of its find, reported in March, of a tomb at the bottom of a vertical shaft near Ghiza and not far from the great pyramids. Whether it be that of King Seneferu or of some minor personage, it is apparently intact and of far earlier date than that of Tutenkhamen.

The ancients wrote on stone; we print on wood-paper. Our chance of being read five thousand years hence is pretty small, but the winnowing sieve of the historians and the reprinters of the future will at least get rid of much we are not anxious to have preserved.

A Modern Migration

It is one thing to know that primitive life exists out in the wilds of Asia; it is another thing to see it going on before our eyes. Books may be graphic, but moving pictures *show* better than any one can tell. A notable instance of this truism is afforded by the remarkable motion picture "Grass," which has been shown at the Criterion Theater in New York.

In far Persia dwell the Baktyari, nomadic tribes living in tents such as Abraham used, driving their flocks hither and thither in search of pasture. They are sometimes called the Forgotten People. Layard a century ago said they were also robbers, treacherous, cruel, bloodthirsty. Lord Curzon in his book on Persia speaks of their "inscrutable past" and believes that they are Aryans by descent who have lived for centuries in their remote hills and valleys.

Twice a year the tribes must cross high snow-covered mountains. Where the grass is there they must go. Some perish in every migration. They pass swirling rivers, the men driving cattle, horses, and sheep before them as they swim; women, children, and goats are transported on rafts made of inflated goatskins. Then the tribes climb snow-clad Zardeh Kuh, a giant among the south Persian ranges. For six or seven weeks the migration sweeps or crawls along through the icy streams, up channels cut in deep snow, over incredibly steep rocks and passes, fighting for their lives to get to the new grass.

Last year this trek of the tribes was for the first time accompanied by outsiders, all three of whom were experienced travelers: Mrs. Margaret Harrison has been a war correspondent in Germany and Russia; Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, camera man, has taken pictures under fire time and again and is a born wanderer and explorer; Mr. Merian Cooper served as an aviator in France and on the Polish frontier in war time and was with the American Relief in Galicia. All are seasoned campaigners—and they needed to be for this "stunt."

The result has been a moving picture, a book, and a radio talk. Naturally, the movie is the most vivid of these. For perhaps an hour it holds an audience intensely interested—and that without the adventitious help of any love interest or comic antics or blood-and-thunder plot. It shows a supreme effort of man to cope with nature, and is in that sense epic in character. Moreover, it pictures in ever-shifting variety the life of men, women, children, and animals among the tent-dwellers as they were thousands of years ago and as they are to-day. What William Beebe, the naturalist, has said of the written account of the migration is at least equally true of the film version. It presents "the migration of the tribes across terrible mountains and ghastly rivers of Persia and splendidly crystallizes the sights and sounds and smells and feels in this astounding drama."

Hindenburg Elected

In the political heavens of Europe it is a sinister conjunction that has appeared—Hindenburg and Caillaux.

The German star that is in the ascendant has been the symbol of German domination through force. The French planet that is in the ascendant has been the symbol of French defeatism. Together they symbolize a state of affairs which has existed since the Armistice,

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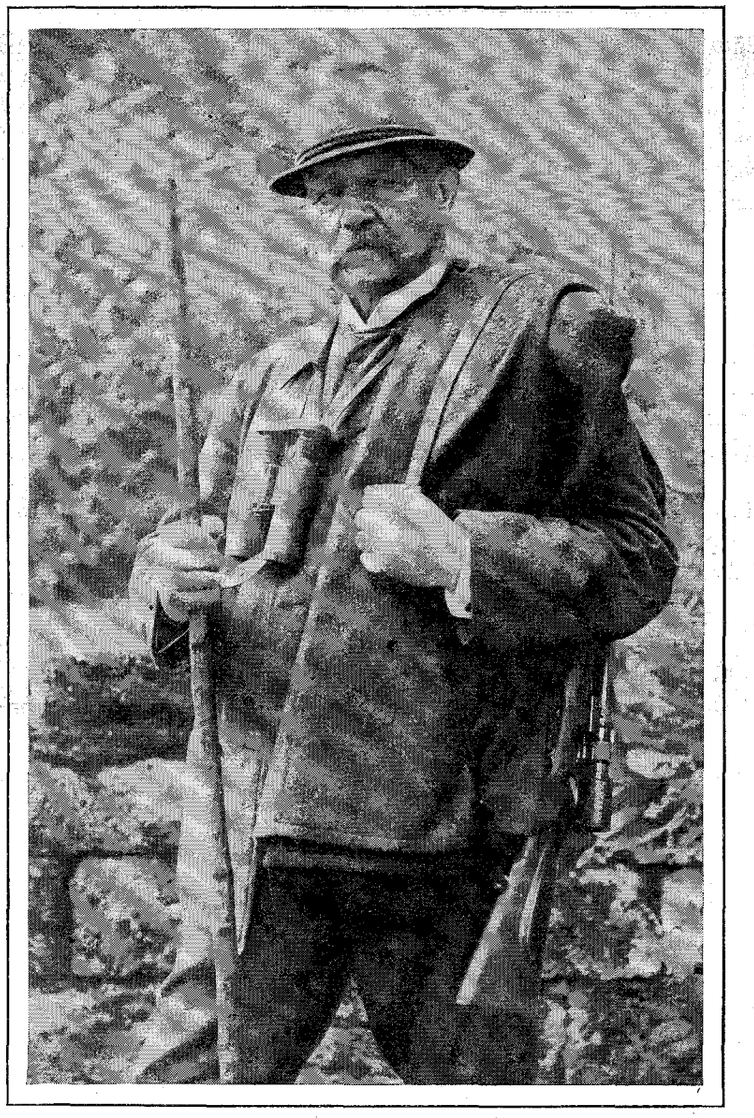
which the world generally has been loth to recognize, and which is disturbing to those who want peace through justice.

Nominally, Germany was defeated in the World War and France was one of the victors. Nominally, Germany acquiesced in terms of peace imposed upon her by the Allies, including France. Really, however, Germany never in her heart acknowledged defeat by outside force, attributing her surrender to internal disaffection and revolt; and, moreover, she escaped the consequences of invasion. On the other hand, France, suffering more in loss of life, property, and industrial resources than her enemy, experienced those lasting injuries which can come only from invasion and which are usually the lot of the defeated nation. If America was right in the war, France was right. And yet to-day the relative positions of Germany and France are not unaptly represented, respectively, by Hindenburg and Caillaux.

If our readers wish to understand what Hindenburg to-day represents in Germany, they can do no better than to read Mr. Baldwin's correspondence in this issue. Written before the election though it was, it clearly explains what the result of that election means.

Because this is the first time that the German people have chosen in an election their chief magistrate (for the late President Ebert was chosen by the Reichstag) it is not easy to foresee what the effect of the election will be upon the internal policies of Germany. It is possible, perhaps probable, that it will have little direct effect upon the policies of the country, inasmuch as those are determined by the Reichstag and by the Chancellor and his Cabinet, whose power depends upon the support of a majority in the Reichstag. Though elected as candidate of monarchists and conservatives grouped together politically, Hindenburg is not himself a politician and probably has every intention of rising above politics in his actions as German President. He is the choice of a clear plurality of the German people; but his vote falls to somewhat more than a million short of a majority. Many of his supporters voted for him not for political but for personal and sentimental reasons. He inspired affectionate loyalty in the soldiers who served under him because, unlike many German military men, he was not inconsiderate of the rank and file. In retreat he kept his army together and put it, with himself, at the service



Paul von Hindenburg President-elect of Germany

of the Republic. He represents the German idea of the gentleman as well as the soldier, and has avoided the follies and stupidities into which his colleague, Ludendorff, fell after the war. Though not politically inclined, he has no sympathy with the Communists and believes in the maintenance of internal peace and order. He therefore appealed to many Germans who saw in him an embodiment of the old German spirit and a bulwark against Communism.

It is not therefore so much what Hindenburg will do to Germany that signifies as what Germany has revealed of herself in choosing Hindenburg.

In this election Germany has done what she could to destroy the myth that during the war there was a conflict of interests and will between the German people and their leaders. Again and again it was supposed and alleged that the Germans could not be held responsible for what they did to Belgium and France, because they were under the domination of masters whom they had been taught docilely to obey. Yet at the first opportunity to exercise their free choice for a leader they choose Hindenburg.

In this election Germany has done what she could to justify the fears of the French and their demand for security.

In this election Germany, which has never been able or apparently desirous to conceal her attitude, has done what she could do to indicate her disregard of the opinion of those nations on whom she has depended for restoration of her economic and industrial power, apparently believing that the economic self-interest of her neighbors, quite apart from their opinion, will serve her purpose.

So the old Imperial colors have been raised once more over the Kaiser's former residence in Potsdam. So the old partnership, once expressed by the Hindenburg Line and the von Tirpitz ruthless

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U-boats, has again appeared. So the self-exiled ex-Kaiser rejoices at Doorn. Even the women of Germany join in the triumph of Hindenburg, since their votes contributed largely to his plurality.

Perhaps England, which has seen German ship-builders outbid British ship-builders for the building of British ships, may in the light of this election reconsider somewhat her policy of pushing German economic restoration at the expense of France. Perhaps investors in America as well as in England may think more soberly now when they are asked to lend or invest their money for the purchase of German securities, and question the possibilities of financing the goose-step. Perhaps, in the light of what has followed the reappearance of Caillaux in France, some public men (not including Lloyd George) will think more seriously about the effect of a conciliatory attitude toward Germany.

In conversation with an Outlook editor shortly after the war, a Belgian officer who had seen service against the Germans on several fronts remarked upon the events in Germany that followed the Armistice, "German Republic or German Empire—it's all the same to me." Of course, the Germans have a right to choose whom they will. But Germany's neighbors also have a right to respond, "President Hindenburg or Kaiser Wilhelm—it's all the same to us."

Mr. Lowden Discusses the Farmer

AN address began, "Our agriculture is decaying." The same address ended with a picture of agriculture made prosperous by co-operation. It was an address of pessimistic optimism rather than of optimistic pessimism.

The speaker was Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois, and now head of one of the large co-operative organizations of farmers. He addressed the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York, and his words were broadcast to the country by radio.

There was much in Mr. Lowden's address that should be pondered by persons of occupations other than agriculture. Indeed, it was an appeal for recognition by business of the hard plight of American agriculture, not to the end that the farmer be pitied, but to the end that public opinion make the way of agricultural organization as easy as possible; and that to the ultimate end, not that the farmer have larger profits merely, but that agriculture be co-ordinated with other industries, bringing more stability of prosperity to all of them.

Mr. Lowden's picture of the agricultural situation to-day is dark, but whether it is unduly so or not is a question that cannot be categorically answered. It is true that the public generally has not realized that the farmer is suffering as Mr. Lowden shows him to be, but that does not mean that the suffering does not exist. Mr. Lowden makes it fairly clear that the recent improvement in the condition of agriculture is more statistical than real. The public, relying on statistics, has believed the improvement real. Mr. Lowden believes that price indexes are false, not by intention but inherently. He sees in the index not a true balance but a balance weighted against the individual farmer. Prices of cotton and of wheat, temporarily higher, make a more favorable index for agricultural products, but this means little to the farmer who knows he sold his cattle for less than the labor cost of producing the feed they ate. Beyond question, there have been many instances of that kind, not the result of poor farming but of a topsyturvy price situation. Equally beyond question, people generally have not understood that such a situation exists. Says Mr. Lowden:

P. & A. Photos

Frank O. Lowden

> Now we shall never find the solution of the so-called farm problem until we come to recognize that a problem exists. The systematic attempt to which I have referred, to brush aside the facts of the case and to make it appear that really all is well on the farm has made it impossible to consider effectively whether there is a remedy for the situation and, if so, what that remedy is. . . . We never correct an injustice till we generally recognize that an injustice is there. . . . If generally we had recognized that the prices of the things the farmer had to sell were out of all proportion to the things he had to buy, this recognition of itself would have tended to restore the proper relation between the two.

There is in this much of truth. There is not in the United States any general desire to see a burden continue to rest with undue weight upon the shoulders of a particular part of the population.

We may as well accept the fact, not merely because Mr. Lowden testifies to it but because the evidence comes from many sources, that farming in the United States has not been for several years past a profitable business, that it has been, indeed, so unprofitable as to force a large percentage of good farm families out of rural life and out of agricultural production. Accepting that fact, we must inquire whether anything is to be done about it, and, if so, what.

Mr. Lowden sees as the remedy solid organization of producers of crops and live stock. He believes that this would restore the law of supply and demand to equable operation, that it would make possible a measurable control of production and of marketing, and that it would enable the farmers to have sales representatives who would be as well informed and as capable bargainers as are the representatives of manufacturing interests. There is no doubt that organization will go a long way toward accomplishing these results, but there is a grave question as to whether or not organization alone will be wholly efficacious. It can hardly be expected of organization that it will work more advantageously for the farmer than for the manufacturer, with whom control of production is theoretically complete. And those who, like Mr. Lowden, see in organization an adequate remedy for the farmer should, perhaps, be reminded that cotton manufacturers, solidly organized and protected by adequate tariff schedules, are still confronted by disaster whenever their output is larger than the demand for it. The two situations are practically parallel,

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except for the tariff. The cotton manufacturer has his money invested in a plant; he cannot stop producing and continue making interest on his capital. The farmer has his money invested in a plant, and must continue to operate the plant if he expects to make any sort of dividends on his investment. Neither can make the public take more of his product than the public wants. Orderly marketing helps, but does not wholly cure the situation.

Others who have studied the agricultural problem deeply see organization as a necessity, to be sure, but they see other necessities. We may leave entirely on one side the advocates of Government price fixing and Government purchase of products, practices no more desirable for the farmer than for the cotton manufacturer. But, leaving these aside, there are other aids to adjustment than organization.

The condition of agriculture in the United States is due to an upsetting of former conditions. For this the World War was largely but not wholly responsible. Markets in Europe are not what they once were. And such markets as exist in Europe are much more largely supplied than formerly both by production at home and by importations from South American countries. Within the past decade the agricultural products of Argentina and Brazil have become real competitors with those of the United States in the world's markets. All of this is in addition to the upset state of things in this country with regard to price relationships.

American agriculture is at a crisis—which means that America is at a crisis. What is done within the next few years may determine whether the United States shall continue as a country of agricultural surpluses or become an importer of agricultural products. Organization of farmers alone will not answer that question the right way. Organized, only so many farmers as can make satisfactory profits under existing conditions will continue to produce. The others will go into industry or somewhere else.

The United States must determine shortly whether or not the home market is to be reserved for the American farmer. Farmers themselves, no matter how thoroughly organized, cannot make that reservation of the home market. Tariff schedules and other things which can be set up only by Government will not determine the question. This is merely one of many policies that must be reconsidered.

Mr. Lowden's advocacy of agricultural organization is good. But a better thing is his advocacy of such a general understanding of the farm problem as to bring general recognition of the fact that it is a National problem.

Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese Peace

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

IN last week's Outlook I commented upon the Roosevelt-Lodge Correspondence (recently published by the Scribners) as an interesting record of Theodore Roosevelt's political progress. The wide and, I think it may be said, the unprecedented range of Roosevelt's political interests is recorded in another book which came from the press not long before the appearance of Senator Lodge's two volumes. Roosevelt was not an isolationist. He regarded the United States as a world power. His foreign policy is nowhere better defined than in the following paragraph from a letter which he wrote in 1905 to his old-time friend Cecil Spring-Rice, a British diplomat who became Ambassador to the United States in 1912:

> While my business is to look primarily after the interests of my own country, I feel that I help this country instead of hurting it when I try to benefit other countries. . . . My object is to keep America in trim, so that fighting her shall be too expensive and dangerous a task to lightly be undertaken by anybody [Roosevelt did not always bother about split infinitives!], and I shall try at the same time to make her act in a spirit of justice and good will toward others, as will prevent any one taking such a risk lightly, and will, if possible, help a little toward a general attitude of peacefulness and righteousness in the world at large.

The letter from which the foregoing paragraph is taken is published in full in Mr. Tyler Dennett's "Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Mr. Dennett's compact volume is defined by the author as "a critical study of American policy in Eastern Asia in 1902–5, based primarily upon the private papers of Theodore Roosevelt." This is an accurate definition. But as the gist of Mr. Dennett's material has already appeared, notably in Bishop's biography and Roosevelt's autobiography, Mr. Dennett has produced a source book for the historical student rather than a narrative for the general reader. The simple and material facts of the Russo-Japanese peace were stated in my "Impressions," written a few months after Roosevelt's death. I quote that statement in full, partly because it gives in brief about all the information that the general reader needs regarding this important phase of Roosevelt's foreign policy, and partly because I am glad to find that it is completely confirmed by Mr. Dennett's scientific treatise.

"Like most of Mr. Roosevelt's acts of statesmanship his course in the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War was widely, and sometimes acrimoniously, discussed at the time. As a matter of fact, what he did was a great and, in some respects, a complicated achievement, but the principles that he followed were simple, natural, and based upon common sense.

"In September, 1908, I wrote an editorial of more than ordinary length which endeavored to interpret the genesis and results of the Russo-Japanese peace treaty. This editorial was questioned at the time. As a matter of fact, it was based upon personal statements made to me by President Roosevelt, and I think it had his entire approval. The Springfield 'Republican,' an avowed opponent of President Roosevelt's foreign policy, had published an article in which it said that skillful Russian diplomacy had cunningly manipulated Roosevelt so that he had become 'Russia's strongest ally in forcing the Japanese to accept what were virtually the Russian terms of peace.' In the course of my own editorial comment the following phrases were employed:

> "Our version of President Roosevelt's intervention in behalf of peace is exactly contrary to the Kovalevsky-'Republican' version. The desire for peace was not imposed upon Japan, it came from Japan; Russia did not at once see an opportunity of employing a conference for the purpose of turning military disaster into a diplomatic and financial victory; on the contrary, the idea that peace was essential to Russia's future welfare was driven into the minds of an obstinate bureaucracy only by the patient arguments of the President. This view of the Portsmouth Treaty, in our judgment, has

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been established by public records and by the processes of simple logic; it will be confirmed, we believe, when the time comes for the publication of the diplomatic correspondence and state papers. By the intervention of the President not only did Japan receive what it was wholly wise for her to accept and what she really desired to obtain, but Russia was protected from the further disaster into which the folly of her bureaucrats and the double dealing of her diplomacy would have plunged her.

"On October first, the President, having read my editorial, wrote me a letter from the White House in which he said:

"Properly speaking, there are no 'state papers' about the Portsmouth Treaty on this side of the water. It was done on my private initiative, but there is no reason why you should not specifically say that you had access to all the original documents with which the President had any connection, and that you speak with full knowledge.

"In talking with me afterward, Roosevelt said: 'As a matter of fact, in spite of their great naval and military victories, the Japanese statesmen—not the Japanese people—were sagacious and far-seeing enough to know that they were approaching the end of their resources of both men and material while Russia's resources were unlimited. The Japanese came to me privately and, with some reluctance, expressed this point of view and asked me if I could not do something. I said I would try. I went to the Russians and pointed out the economic and political folly of continuing the war and asked if they would not join in a peace conference with the Japanese if I arranged it. They finally said: "Yes, if the Japanese will consent, but we do not believe they will. We will come, however, if you can persuade them." I replied that I would see what I could do, and [this with his characteristic chuckle] all the time I had the Japanese request in my breeches' pocket!' "

Mr. Dennett's volume is valuable because it makes easily accessible the documents that substantiate the foregoing picturesque statement by Roosevelt himself.

The Vindication of Bronze and Breed

Staff Correspondence from Washington

WE display the brickbats thrown at us. Is there any reason why a bouquet should not be shown to the public? However that may be, the following letter, which came from Columbus, Ohio, is a worth-while contribution to a subject that I discussed recently:

Dear Mr. Merritt:

When I saw the announcement of your forthcoming article in The Outlook on the statues of horses in Washington, I confessed some fear, because most writers on such subjects do not know horses. After reading the article this fear disappeared. While your opinions are based on a view from all angles, mine are necessarily confined to the exposures in the photographs, but they coincide in every way with yours. Such points as roughness around the feet and a number of other finer points looked for by a horseman are not plainly visible.

Beginning with Bishop Asbury, the pose of horse and rider is easily the most natural and just the way one would imagine a man of his temperament would ride. Your tribute to Bishop Asbury is becoming and deserved.

The mount of Joan of Arc certainly displays pep and ability to do. He is of no distinct type, but is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his rider and looks as if he intended to go through to the end, no matter what happened.

I quite agree with your opinion of General Washington's mount. A sea lion or a reindeer from a modern merry-go-round would do equally well. This horse suffers, as do a number of the others, from the unmerciful use of the curb bit. The ability to use this instrument properly and to produce the correct flexing of a horse's neck is always an indication of a good horseman.

We must have a sympathetic word for the old blind mare under General Scott. She evidently has seen better days, and evidently senses the abyss into which she is about to step. Greene's horse is not unlike Scott's—just a little more on the Western type.

The horses of McPherson, McClellan, Logan, and Hancock I would place in the order named, with a possible improvement to McPherson by giving him the seat and hands of McClellan. If General Thomas's horse had a turbaned sheik for a rider, with a camel train in the background, he might pass for an Arabian.

Of all the others, none deserves any special comment save the one ridden by General Jackson. He is evidently intended to portray a stallion, which gives him the more pronounced expression about the head and neck. He is a fine horse as this term applies among saddle-horse men, his masculinity not preventing that impression. Notice the expression of his ears and nostrils, the great tail carriage, and a general animation. Unfortunately, he is doing a stunt forbidden in formal saddle-horse performance, evidently having been "high-schooled." Even in this pose he displays training to a high degree. Notice the absence of any assistance from the rider, his mouth being entirely free from any restraint. There is perfect accord between horse and rider, with all the fire and dash possible.

An analysis for conformation shows clean-cut head; very expressive, well-set, clean-cut neck; deep, sloping shoulders; high withers; short, stout back; deep rib; good hind quarters; and a tail set in the right place. I regret that I cannot concur in your opinion that he is probably a Percheron. To me he has none of the characteristics of that breed. I believe, from your comments, that this horse has something commanding about him that appeals to you more than any of the others.

If you are ever in Louisville, Kentucky, or Lexington, Kentucky, you will find two statues that will interest you. The first is General Castleman on his great mare Carolina, and the second is General John Morgan on a typical saddle horse of the Rex McDonald kind.

I trust you will pardon this outbreak. The writer is very much interested in saddle horses and is asked more or less to act as judge in a number of shows. Like yourself, I may claim more knowledge of horses than of sculpture.

Very truly yours,

SAM L. HAYNES.

"Pardon the outbreak"! I am thankful for it. Mr. Haynes has said what I wanted to say about the Jackson statue. But what could I do? It has been so mercilessly criticised by so many people. When a man in whom you have confidence is universally reprobated, about all you can say is, "Well, you may be right, but he is my friend." That is as much as I could do for the Jackson horse. Mr. Haynes, recognized as a judge of horses, is able to do more.

If Clark Mills had been given just

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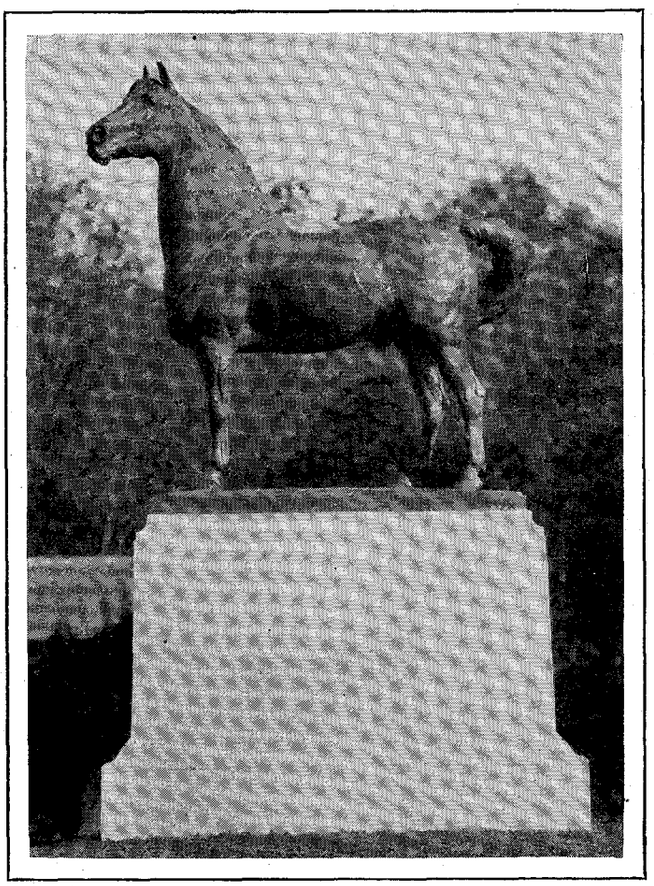

Justin Morgan

"And the statue of old Justin stands there forever, the model of what a Morgan horse ought to be"

criticism when he produced the Jackson statue, he probably would have become one of the world's greatest sculptors of horses. Discouraged by critics who could imagine rockers under the feet of the horse but could not see the pulsing life in nostril and neck and limb, he strove through a quarter of a century for something different—and produced the Washington monstrosity.

Since receiving Mr. Haynes's letter I have assured myself more fully of the excellent quality of the Jackson horse, and I agree with him that the fullness of neck and breast does not indicate a Percheron. I went to the White House, where the original miniature model of this statue is, and spent an hour studying it. In that way I was able to see the picture without being distracted by the frame. Any reader who is interested in getting a more favorable view of this horse may do so by putting a different frame on the picture that accompanied my other article. Place a calling card so that its edge just cuts all four of the horse's feet. Complete a square frame with three other cards. The horse is brought down to an easy canter, instead of the objectionable rearing attitude. And this, undoubtedly, is the effect that Mills originally meant to produce. He was beguiled, however, by the prospect of making a figure in perfect equilibrium, balancing on the hind feet. He succeeded in this, to his undoing.

I AM glad that Mr. Haynes mentioned the statue of General Breckinridge Castleman at Louisville and the General Morgan statue at Lexington. I referred to them in the original manuscript of my article on the Washington statues, but, fearing the effect of being led afield, blue-penciled them out.

The Castleman statue is one of the few—so far as I personally know, it is the only effigy of man and horse—in which an actual flesh-and-blood horse is reproduced as accurately as the man is. General Castleman was one of the best riders that this country has seen. Carolina was one of America's greatest saddle mares of all time. When the controversy as to the relative stamina of the Arabian and other types of horses first became acute, General Castleman proposed to ride Carolina from the Atlantic to the Pacific in competition with all comers. The challenge was never accepted. In the recent endurance contests, however, the saddle type has not had so stanch a champion—indeed, has been unrepresented in most of the contests—and Arabs, the army type, and a few Morgans have divided the prizes.

A unique fact about the Castleman equestrian statue is that it was completed while the General was still alive, and had his approval.

I have never seen the Morgan statue, but I have a pleasant recollection going back to the time when the plans were making for it. I was sojourning then in Owensboro, Kentucky, and had among those from whom I drew inspiration for "copy" one of Morgan's men, "Uncle Dan" Ratican. I happened to mention in his presence one day the name of my home town—Lebanon, Tennessee.

"Don't I remember it mighty well?" exclaimed "Uncle Dan." "The Yankees came precious near getting us that day. We were at old Jefferson, and the General had ridden out, just looking around, only a small squad of cavalry with him! The Yankees surprised us and cut us off from the main body. But there was another force of our men at Lebanon, twenty-one miles away. Our only hope of safety was to join them, and that pretty quick. General Morgan, on Black Bess, put out for Lebanon full tilt, the rest of us trailing him. That little black mare ran that twenty-one miles, took a few long breaths and a drink out of the spring in the public square, and was just as good as ever. A fellow came out with a camera and made a picture of her. I got him to make up one for me, and I must still have it somewhere among my old things."

He did. I had it rephotographed and sent a copy to the committee in charge of the Morgan statue. Whether it had any influence on the Rex McDonald type that was finally adopted I do not know.

IF the equestrian statues of Confederate generals could be pulled together and looked at the same day, as I looked at the Federal generals in Washington, the "honors" would probably be "easy" between the two groups. Castleman and Morgan would compare with the best here. The one of General Gordon on the Capitol grounds in Atlanta, if not quite as bad as the one of Sherman here, is poor enough. I am not able to recall clearly how the statue of General Nathan B. Forrest in Memphis looks, but I think it would rank fairly well. While it has nothing to do with the horse, I must relate an interesting incident concerning that statue.

During the Democratic National Convention in New York last summer I was introduced to a young man named Forrest. I said, "You are a descendant of the General—I know that from his pictures." "Yes," he replied, "I am his grandson, and they say I look very much like him. In fact, the face of the Forrest statue in Memphis was made from a plaster cast of my face—except that they put whiskers on it."

But it is not right to talk exclusively of these Rebels and Rebel horses—not any more than it is right to bar Lee and the old gray horse Traveler from Washington. I had two uncles on the Rebel

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side of that war and one on the Yankee side. I have sat in front of a log fire with the three of them many an evening, listening to their reminiscences. And I was never able to discover any difference between the quality of the heroism that I saw in the one who struggled up the slope at Gettysburg into the hell the Yankees made at the top and the one who, at Petersburg, plunged into the valley of death of Confederate making.

So, by way of conclusion, I am going a long way from war, a long way from bronze generals, Federal or Confederate, to a valley among the hills of Vermont, where, on a crisp October day, I had some small part in unveiling a statue of Justin Morgan, the old horse who was the founder of the Morgan family.

This statue stands on a lawn in front of a barn at Middlebury, on the Morgan Horse Farm of the United States Department of Agriculture. Here a breed that had become extinct has been recreated. There is in the revivified breed much of the blood of old Justin, but there is much of the blood also of the saddle type and of other breeds. But the new Morgan is, as nearly as man can make anything, a true reproduction of what the old Morgan was. And the statue of old Justin stands there forever, the model of what a Morgan horse ought to be.

Higher honor has been paid to no horse.

DIXON MERRITT.

Hindenburg vs. Marx

Correspondence from ELBERT F. BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

MR. BALDWIN wrote this article eleven days before the German election. The keenness of his interpretation of Hindenburg's popularity is splendidly justified by the result of the election.

DUISBURG is Mayor Jarres's town. Even here in Duisburg, where the citizens, proud of their Mayor (who in the March 29 election was Nationalist candidate for the German Presidency), are jealous of the new candidate, the name Hindenburg carries a sort of nimbus. The Field Marshal is respected, really revered, by all Germans. Through sheer loyalty to a great military leader and national hero, hundreds of thousands of his old companions-in-arms, including many opposed to his politics, will vote for him. He is the well-informed general; knowing the eastern marches like a book, he won the battle of Tannenberg in 1914 and saved Germany from a Russian onslaught. He is the bluff general, outspoken during the war in dealing with officers of whatever (especially princely) rank. He is the calm general; after the Revolution here, still retaining the supreme command, he led his men in good order back from France. President Ebert thanked him for it, and with reason, for, as a German officer informs me, "had Hindenburg swerved a hair's breadth from his unselfish duty, we would have seen a bloody civil war."

Under the Republic, with his monarchical traditions and prejudices, the Field Marshal has recognized the duty of self-effacement. Now, however, under pressure, he yields to the argument that he is the one man to stand for the republican Presidency if the full vote of the parties of the Right (the Conservative and monarchist side of the Reichstag) is to be brought to the polls.

Even beyond these party bounds there is a widespread influence in favor of saving from humiliation towards his life's close a man seventy-seven years old. Anyway, irrespective of party, men and women admire Hindenburg for his qualities of soldierliness and character. They admire him for remaining loyal to the Kaiser even though they can no longer be loyal. Much more they admire him for never supporting monarchical movements like the Kapp *Putsch* or the Hitler-Ludendorff outbreak. Most of all, however, Hindenburg commends himself to republican gratitude because of his immediate testimony in favor of his greatest political enemy, Fritz Ebert, during the recent foul attack on the President. Such qualities appeal to millions who care little about politics.

When the Field Marshal became the candidate of the monarchists for the Presidency, I heard this from a well-known republican: "Trust Germans to make fools of themselves. They want as President the man of all men most devoted to the Kaiser! William II, it is said, not only gave his consent to one who would keep the place warm for him, but also subscribed a million marks. If so, why whine about poverty? Moreover, the Germans are supporting a man whose age and physical infirmities hardly fit him for executive duties. Anyway, he knows nothing about them. He is a child in politics. He has had no experience in political life. His nomination is a colossal political blunder."

More than any one else, Grand Admiral von Tirpitz is credited with having engineered the Hindenburg nomination.

Concerning the Kaiser's part in it, the Admiral says, "The Kaiser knew as much about it as did President Coolidge, Poincaré, or the man in the moon."

Concerning Hindenburg's age and physical disabilities, most Germans declare that he is a match for many a younger man.

Concerning Hindenburg's inexperience in politics, a Cologne authority remarked yesterday: "To any aspiring politician as President I prefer a child in politics, so long as he has, as has Hindenburg, a sane understanding of humankind and is, as is Hindenburg, a man of character, honor, strength, fidelity. Moreover, the very fact that Hindenburg has not been mixed up in party politics is an argument in his favor. Our President should be above parties."

The Kaiser is reported to have absolved Hindenburg from the oath of loyalty to the throne, so that the candidate could refer, as he did in his Easter proclamation, to "taking my stand on the actual Constitution." It may be impertinent to suspect a man's motives, but several million Teutons are wondering nevertheless just how long a monarchist as President would be found "taking his stand on the actual Constitution." Anyway, later in the proclamation the candidate remarked: "The first President of the realm never denied the Social Democracy to which he belonged. No one, then, should exact of me a renouncement of my political convictions. I agree with Dr. Jarres, who declared that the essential was not the form of the state, but the spirit animating it." At first the comparison with Ebert may seem fair. A second thought shows that it is not. Ebert was a republican; Hindenburg is a monarchist. Ebert was true to the Constitution he believed in and had helped make. How can Hindenburg be true to

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a Constitution in which he does not believe? How long would he cling to his Presidential post in case of monarchical restoration?

Many critics condemn, however, not so much Hindenburg as the men who stand behind him, using his great name and undeniable popularity for their own personal and factional purposes. Dr. Wilhelm Marx, the republican candidate, said the other day: "Though I am Hindenburg's political opponent, I honor and respect the soldier and the Field Marshal." But Dr. Marx knows well what the men about Hindenburg really want. To their intrigues the Field Marshal, it is currently believed, would fall an easy victim. Accordingly, to-day Dr. Marx's Election Committee issued this statement:

> The Fatherland is in danger! The Presidential election will decide Germany's internal peace. The men behind the Hindenburg candidacy seek monarchist restoration. But they are thus (we hope against their will) preparing civil war. They are also thrusting Germany into new international difficulties. They are preventing the resumption of trade and industry. They are bringing on workless days.

On the other hand, the Hindenburg voter, says Count Westarp, the Conservative leader, shows to the world that Germans have finally recognized the necessity of opening the road to freedom by their own strength. Well, why not? Germany longs to free herself from her present subordination. But how? "A soldier above everything, a war of revenge must be uppermost in Hindenburg's mind," said one of his opponents yesterday. "On the contrary," rejoined a defender, an officer at Cologne, "who knows better than the experienced Field Marshal that the Fatherland could not now carry on a war?" Then the first speaker quoted Hitler: "When I have to choose between a helmet and a top hat, I choose a helmet." So behind Hindenburg march Hitler and his crony, Ludendorff. Their goose-step is followed by that of the Kapp *Putsch* fugitives, the Free Corps commanders, the anti-Semites, and other irreconcilables. Hindenburg's election would thus mean more, not less, contravening of the Versailles Treaty's disarmament clauses; more, not less ferment in Germany and in Europe. The mere mention of Hindenburg's name in connection with the Presidency before his nomination aroused distrust abroad among all who fear monarchical and militaristic restoration in Germany. And this precisely at a time when foreign confidence is absolutely necessary if the recent negotiations started by the present Government for a mutual security pact are to succeed!

From the monarchical and the military let us turn to the economic. Westphalia is nothing if not industrial. Labor sentiment here suspects Hindenburg. "If he has had no experience in politics, he has had none in economics," I hear. "Certainly he has never taken any position favoring better labor conditions. Therefore we do not favor his candidacy." Particularly here in the Ruhr region is this accentuated because, as the workers add: "Under Chancellor Marx and his conciliation policy, the economic situation of the occupied zone was finally brought into a peaceful condition. Why not continue this condition under President Marx, instead of intrusting the country to an inexperienced, untried man? We would go on strike against *him!*" As to the capitalists, even if certain of them are supporting Hindenburg, others are not, and for a good reason—the statement of his manager that the Dawes Plan is not feasible! The Powers are disposed, through the Dawes Plan, to make a great effort for Germany, and Germany, having accepted the Dawes Plan and carried it out so far, has appealed to their confidence. Is the confidence now to be destroyed? Every Hindenburg vote will damage Germany's material as well as moral credit, and it is for the interest of capital and labor alike that this credit be maintained.

As to the political, for the purposes of the final Presidential election the many German parties have fortunately condensed themselves into two groups, the *Rechtsblock* and the *Linksblock*. The Right Block is monarchist; the Left, republican. These names have now become *Reichsblock* and *Volksblock*—the realm vs. the people. *Reichsblock* is an appropriate name. The idea of *Reich* is something sacred to the Germans. They have now had a few years' experience with a republic they made themselves. But the old idea of the realm as *Obrigkeit*—something from above—persists. From above too comes a God-given monarch, emphasized by nearly two thousand years of monarchical succession. The Teutonic instinct for order, as something imposed instead of something won, harmonizes with all this.

It is surprising, then, that a democratic republicanism should have done as well here as it has. The republican parties—the Centrists, Democrats, and Socialists—have increased their vote by about five per cent of the total at each election. The Reichsblock consists of the extreme Racists, the Nationalists, the miscalled Volkspartei, and most of the Bavarian parties.

For a long time I have been hoping that when Ebert had to have a successor the cool-headed Chancellor who had guided Germany well through the final Ruhr year would be the man—the statesman who, first of any, had the courage to prick the bubble of German conceit and declare, "We are a conquered people," the man who had actually changed German mentality and psychology. What a contrast to pushers like Ludendorff on the one hand and to opportunists like Stresemann on the other! Give the Presidency to a sane statesman of the Marx type, and you will see, I believe, Germany right herself in every way.

While Dr. Marx's home policies have been admirable, he should be elected, if for no other reason, because of his attitude towards the nations. Hear him:

> In some very important matters we are dependent on the foreign Powers. It is absurd to try to rattle guns we have not got, and it is just as silly to use big words with no force behind them. We thus make for mistrust among foreigners. . . . Our policy must rest on a complete understanding with our former opponents. We must avoid everything, and with painstaking care, that can give watchful foreigners cause to believe that we want to pursue not a policy of understanding but of revenge. A greater harm will come to us if the continuance and the guaranty of a policy of understanding be not the guiding thought in the Presidential election.

As to religion, Hindenburg is a Protestant, Marx a Catholic. More Protestants, it is claimed in the places where I have been, are likely to vote for the Catholic Marx than are Catholics for the Protestant Hindenburg.

Who will win? The basic issue is clear—Hindenburg with militarism, monarchy, war, or Marx with conciliation, a republic, and peace. "Marx will be elected by a small majority," I heard one of the Rhineland Commission officers say to-day. Yet this forecast may not be accurate if Hindenburg should draw something more than a million more votes than does Marx from the many not voting on March 29. I am impressed by the apparent success of the appeal of Hindenburg's personality to the popular fancy even among those who admit that both moral and material advantages lie with the more impersonal candidate. Here in Westphalia to-day I got this fairly unprejudiced testimony: "Marx's political attitude is finer—certainly his words are finer—than Hindenburg's. But the old Field Marshal has the stronger personal appeal."

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Oil and Lilies

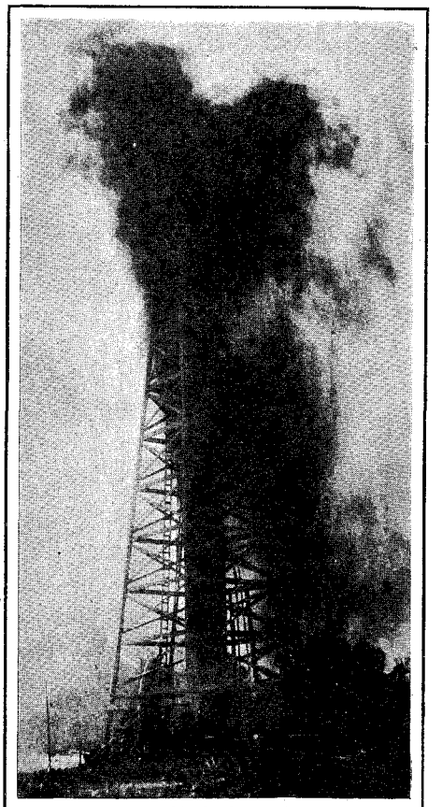
By GEORGE MARVIN

Westward and Southward George Marvin takes his way. He arrived in Shreveport Easter week—that explains the title of his article

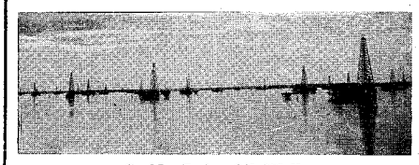
EASTER is peculiarly the day expressive of the young cities of the new South, because they are the evidences of a resurrected community, born again to a wider, stronger, truer life. Out of the dark petroleum that made Shreveport, Louisiana, grew the white lilies that made spring incense in its churches, redeemed the jazz in its hotels, and stood as emblems of the dependability of the Easter hope in the windows of its homes. In the Delta of the Mississippi, in the alluvial lands rich in lumber and in cattle, in "cotton, corn, and the sweet-potato vine," richer still on the banks of the Red River in petroleum and people, literally now in these recent years of diversified farming "with milk and honey blessed," you do not build a house. You build a "home." All the residential edifices in Shreveport are called "homes." And most of them are. The young secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, sitting in his office on the sixth floor of the new cloud-touching Slattery Building, the oracle of his town's material prosperity, finds time to write:

> Home, where the fond remembrances of childhood
> Are safely wrapped in nooks and corners of the house;
> Home, with its dreams of youth and romance,
> Yea, the kingdom of heroes and their mothers,
> Where the touch of God is always.

And this man was for three years the star halfback of Louisiana college football and now runs the municipal baseball league of his adopted city. No sentimentalist he. On the contrary, he and his wide-awake colleagues of the Chamber of Commerce and the builders of a fabulous city look upon their homes as a very important part of the business of life. Oil built the homes, but lilies represent their spring spirit of life everlastingly. On Easter Sunday morning the Shreveport "Times" on its first page says: "The churches of our city celebrate Easter to bring its message of immortality to members and visitors, and *to inspire the people to love this life, live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as they can.*"



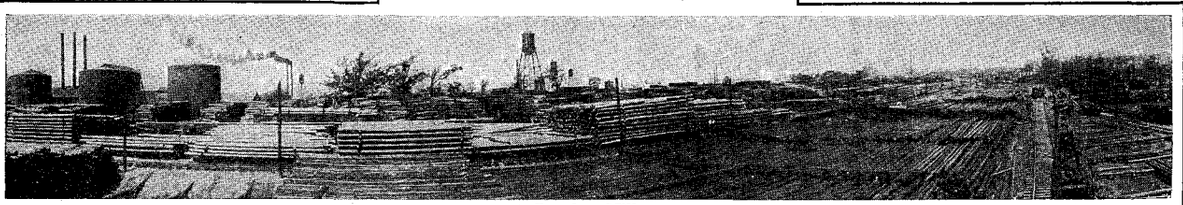
Oil Gusher



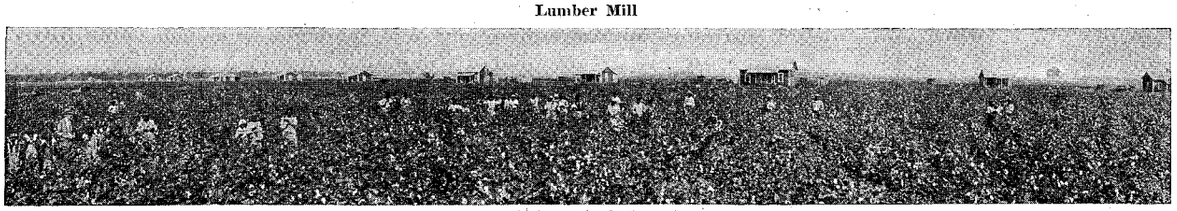
Caddo Lake Oil Wells

So it came to pass that one visitor, in whose mind Shreveport had been presaged as a desolation of derricks and wells under murky skies, a mental composite picture—made up of photographs of Batum, Tampico, and the Tulsa fields—of what an oil town ought to look like, ran into a big surprise. Leaving a spring moon reflected in the Mississippi the night before, he found summer in possession of Shreveport the following morning—a bright and fragrant summer of pine woods and cotton fields just sprouting, of flowers and happy friendly-eyed people, and the thrill of Easter in the air. Not a derrick or a well or any evidence of oil in sight under Louisiana skies as blue and untroubled as the eyes of a child. The "Cotton Belt" tracks, in making the city, describe half the circumference of a wide-sweeping circle around it, so that from the dining-car window you behold a distant imitation of Manhattan rising over the trees and fields like a mirage in the desert. But while you are wondering over this prismatic freak, possibly attributable to the effect of a sharp-shooting grapefruit in your vision, presto! there you are lifting up your eyes to the sky-scrapers of Shreveport, their summits shining in the morning light.

In the same mental attitude of having somehow arrived at the wrong city, you are whisked away by a Yellow taxi to a hotel that really belongs at the Hot Springs or in some utterly sophisticated metropolis of wealth and fastidious



Lumber Mill



Cotton Field Scene

Shreveport is supported by a tripod, the three legs of which are oil, cotton, and lumber

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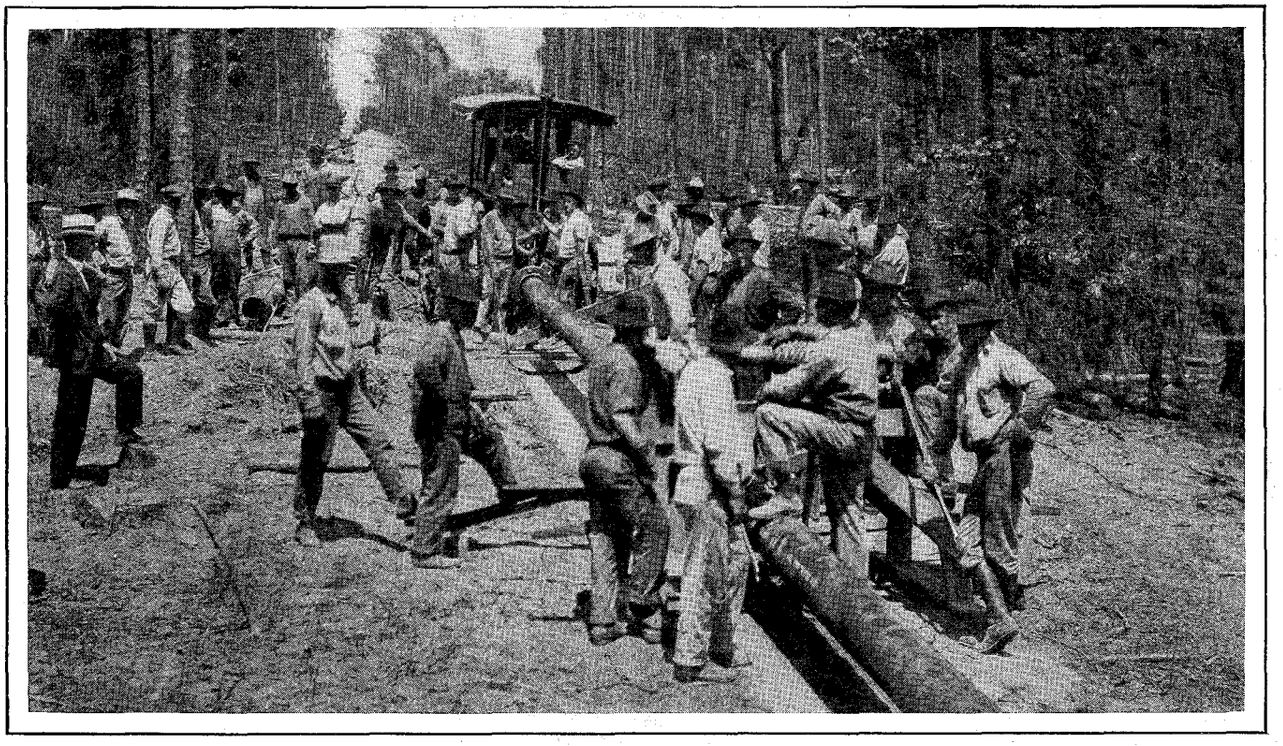
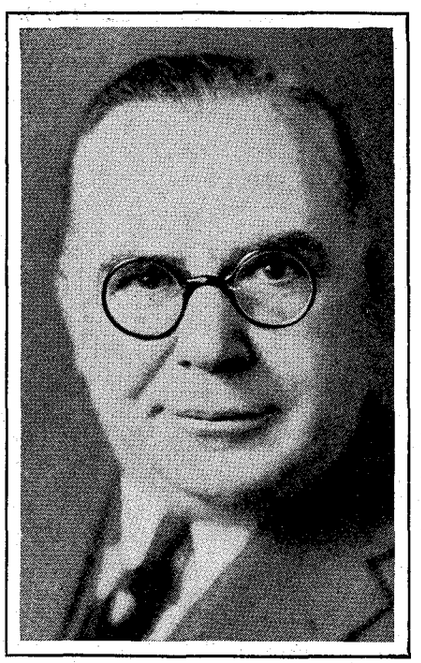


Building the pipe line through which the "black gold" flows from the oil fields into the Shreveport refineries. The Standard Oil pipe lines deliver crude petroleum from the Shreveport territory to Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi, more than three hundred miles away

tastes, except that here people are not *blasé,* but apparently tickled to death with their respective jobs of registering guests, carrying their luggage, running them aloft in sumptuous elevators, and filling their interior-decorated-à-la-Elsie-Wolf rooms with ice-water and laundry bags and morning papers and sunshine. It takes you about a day to catch your breath and readjust yourself to what an oil town—at least, *this* oil town—actually is.

In Shreveport "Main Street" is Texas Street. On Saturday afternoon and evening—Saturday is market day in Louisiana, and this is the market town of a community radiating for twenty-five miles or more round the city—both sides of Texas Street from end to end are banked with motor cars parked wheel to wheel. On Sunday morning at church time Texas Street and the streets adjoining it were banked even more closely with untenanted cars. No wonder about Saturday, which is pretty much the same everywhere, the sabbatical principle at work after the week's labor is finished. The wonder comes on Sunday. On Saturday afternoons all the Shreveport neighborhood is in town to buy something—Shreveporters rich and poor (though, puzzle—find the poor!) do their own marketing—or go to the movies, or see the ball game, and this last in spite of the fact that the local team has stubbornly maintained its position in the cellar of the Texas League for four consecutive seasons amid the loyal contemplation of the largest paid gate in any of the constituent cities.

On Sunday—especially on Easter Sunday—all Shreveport goes to church. Thirty-eight thousand out of their estimated sixty-five thousand. The men go, too; the oil men, the cotton men, the lumber men, the Chamber of Commerce, the retail merchants, the railroad operatives, the men in the street. And their womenfolk don't drag them either. Believe it or not, Shreveport goes to church because it wants to go, and when it gets there it doesn't go to sleep. In this young city the men of every age are young. The business men are not tired here. They hold up their heads and sing and they are not ashamed devoutly to bow their heads together in prayer. To write about it sounds like a tract. To see it—news-stands and movies and "quantity production" to the contrary notwithstanding—gives you fresh hope for the Nation.



W. R. Hirsch

Representative of the other big industries—i. e., cotton, lumber, and varied agriculture—which have helped oil to build the "Fastest Growing City in the South"

At one end of Texas Street flows the Red River, tributary of the Mississippi, between the standard levees that oil has built for Shreveport. In Mark Twain's time steamboats loaded with merchandise from Baton Rouge or New Orleans used, as regularly as floods and channel permitted, to navigate the Red's 350 meandering miles from the Mississippi and on up-stream as far as Texarkana, in Arkansas, 150 miles farther north and west. Loaded to the guards with cotton, they made the down trip with the current to help them. Those sedate times have passed. With the gradual deforestation of the river valley during the past two generations, a diminishing and more sluggish stream runs by Shreveport, silting up its undredged channel with the constant erosion from its friable banks. In this year of grace and good roads, of pipe lines, motor trucks, and competing railroads, Shreveport finds its chief use of the river as a club wherewith to

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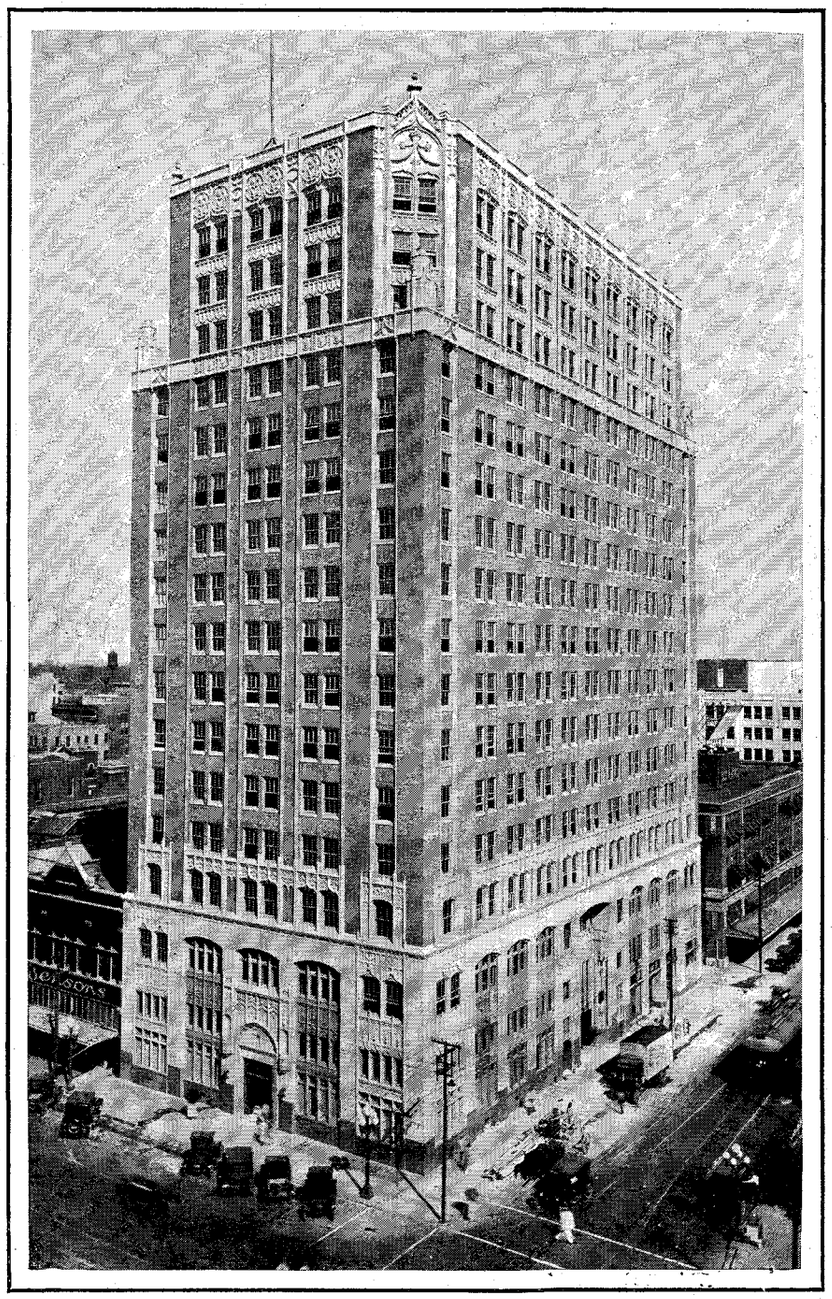

The Slattery Building, the newest, largest, and highest of Shreveport's sky-scrapers, which proclaim on the sky the wealth and prosperty of this young metropolis

threaten freight rates, which have a tendency to rise more readily than the river itself.

At the other end of Texas Street, and commanding it throughout its entire length, stands the Greek-colonial building of the First Methodist Church, South. Its situation is symbolical of the spirit of this Southern oil metropolis. Shreveport is a boom town which keeps right on booming. It began to boom in 1906 with the first big strike of petroleum in commercial quantities at that point on Caddo Lake which has since been known as Oil City. This is to-day the nearest oil field, twenty miles north of the city, where a forest of 221 well scaffoldings rise from the waters as dead trees stand in a dismal swamp. From the shores you can hear their chugging chorus as they sing together all day and all night the song of "black gold." Caddo Lake looks the way you thought Shreveport was going to look, and Caddo is only one of the smaller fields, though still pumping oil in its twentieth year.

Just as Memphis, in Tennessee, is in reality a tri-State political and economic capital of adjoining counties in the contiguous States of Mississippi and Arkansas, so does the oil hegemony of Shreveport extend well into Texas and Arkansas. In terms of production and refining of crude petroleum, this parish seat of Caddo—in Louisiana a county is a parish—is the center administratively and financially of a territory extending within a radius of one hundred miles around through the oil fields of all three States. The graphs in the oil companies' offices show this impressively. On their sectional blue-prints the myriad wells appear like a plague of smallpox, and from that widespread epidemic area the pipe lines, the tank cars, the production reports, and the money run and flow into Shreveport, building its levees and its sky-scrapers, its streets, its radiating roads, its theaters, and its schools and churches. Right there at the last comes the distinction between this and most other booming communities. Shreveport booms solidly. If "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," then is this city of young people that has more than doubled its population in ten years prematurely wise. When the new "gushers" come in, they spray the neighboring landscape with wasted gold. But Shreveport long ago ceased to blow in its money. The getting-rich-quick citizens put their money into million-dollar schools and churches, believing these to be the soundest investments and the safest insurance policies. Bootlegging, incredible as it may seem, is not profitable here, though "life goes gayly, gayly" in Caddo Parish. The daughters of Shreveport are very fair. The social columns of the "Journal" and the "Times" resemble those of the great Northern dailies, the streets are one long expensive motor-car show, and the very air is electric with buoyant success. As the traveler, for the moment uncommercial, observed in the barber-shop, "These people look so dog-gone glad!"

No two cities in any one State in the Union differ more essentially than Shreveport and New Orleans; the latter looking seaward, of the world of ships and alien, Latin, Catholic, exhaling with all its commercial enterprise the faint aroma of Creole days; the former contemplating itself, of the South Southern, strongly Anglo-Saxon, vehemently Protestant, breathing only of to-day and to-morrow. The city as it stands now was born in 1906, and reached its maturity only six years ago, in 1919. There was an old town founded in 1839 by a captain of engineers in the Army, named Henry Miller Shreve, who was sent up to the big bend in the Red River to clear and to keep clear an enormous log jam. Near the site of his camp the port of Shreve grew up. And as a river port it jogged along to the Civil War, languished in the reconstruction days, and then began, not as a town but as a neighborhood, to prosper on cotton and lumber.

As a Louisiana city Shreveport differs from New Orleans; as an oil city it differs as distinctly from Tulsa, the center of the Oklahoma fields. Tulsa has got

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to live on oil; there is nothing else there. Shreveport is supported by a tripod the three legs of which are oil, cotton, and lumber, with the additional economic wealth of a diversified agriculture and the large manufacturing plants which the use of natural gas attracts to the neighborhood. It is self-supporting. The berserk figures which deafen him who in a receptive attitude of mind approaches the local Chamber of Commerce—in any vigorous, growing American municipality—proclaim that this petroleum center is likewise the largest inland cotton market in the South and in its lumber industry rivals Memphis. But an old-timer of twenty-eight years' residence puts it more credibly when he says:

"If a farmer gets a well on his place, he's settin' pretty. If he don't get a well, he plants cotton."

An Italian colony on the outskirts of the city has made the wilderness into a truck garden, and on the opposite side of town Jersey herds provide most of the dairy products which the population needs. Thirty-nine millionaires—"aires," they call them familiarly here—are registered in the local informal Bradstreet. Only ten of them are "pipe" or "refined" oil magnates.

While this article is being written the giant Roxana gusher well has just been "brought in," flowing 48,000 barrels of oil a day, the best record in twenty years of oil production in the territory of Shreveport. This, with other recent strikes in the same "Smackover" section of Arkansas, is a bigger development than the famous Homer wells which made the boom of 1919. But it left the Shreveport of Easter time undisturbed. Shreveport has ceased to boom and has started to grow.

Oil, yes—but lilies!

Types of residences built by oil in the suburbs of Shreveport. In Shreveport you do not build a house; you build a "home"

Prohibition in Chicago and Cincinnati

By ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE

Ernest Mandeville was sent by The Outlook as a special investigator to discover the quality of prohibition enforcement throughout the critical area of the East and Middle West. This article is the tenth of this series

MAYOR DEVER'S clean-up of booze conditions in Chicago has been well heralded.

In his New York speech, delivered on January 6, 1925, under the auspices of the Citizens' Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement, he said that the illegal beer interests had paralyzed law enforcement in Chicago; that there are only fifty-five Federal agents assigned to enforce the National Prohibition Law in Cook County, which numbers three and one-half million people; that it was necessary to drastically reorganize the Police Department and to revoke the licenses of four thousand soft-drink parlors; that about twenty breweries were placed under guard and the manufacture of beer in Chicago has been entirely suppressed.

My observations in Chicago showed a city drier than New York, Buffalo, or Detroit, but not, by any means, arid. Illicit liquor flows into Chicago in considerable quantity, I believe, but it is very hard for the stranger or the uninitiated to get it.

There isn't a doubt but that Mayor Dever suppressed the open banditry, hijacking, competitive beer running, and (for a time) beer selling. But from all that I could learn, other channels were opened up for the selling of moonshine, whisky, and alcohol.

Beer is still procurable in Chicago. I visited several places in the downtown section, where beer could be bought at 50 cents and 25 cents a glass, according to the quality. I was told of a number of other specific places where I could repeat the process if I wished. Even so, it is evident that the sale of beer has been greatly reduced since the Mayor's drive against it. Bootleggers say that they get most of their beer from Milwaukee, though some of it is still made in Chicago.

In the Loop there are office building "blind pigs" quite similar to those which I described in my New York City article. The only difference that I could find was the higher price asked. Scotch whisky, I learned, sells for $1 a glass against the 50-cent or 65-cent charge in New York. Bourbon sells for 50 cents and 75 cents a glass, or $130 a barrel. By the case Scotch whisky of doubtful origin (it is supposed to be run in from Quebec, New Orleans, or New York) brings from $80 to $100. Other quotations are: Champagne $120 per case, Cognac $110, and Benedictine $125. What purports to be French vermouth and absinthe

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(banned in France years ago) is said to come into Chicago in a quantity to meet the demand.

Besides the office "plants" I was able to find the usual sale places—*i. e.*, pseudo-clubs, Italian and Greek restaurants, cheap hotels, false-front "blind pigs," and drug stores. As far as I know, the chain drug stores do not sell, but many of the others do a big business in wines, bourbon, and synthetic gin. Alcohol sells through these stores at $2 or $3 a pint. This is added to the prepared extracts and fruit juices.

I heard travelers say that they got liquor from the bell-boys in the large hotels. This I did not try.

In one banking office where I paid a call a bottle of "White Label" whisky was produced from the desk drawer and glasses arranged in case I wanted a drink. When I commented on this and said, "I thought Chicago was a closed town," I was answered, "That was only temporarily. I can have a case of this delivered here or wherever you want it in twenty-five minutes."

While I was in Chicago the daily papers carried a news story of a Police Captain Mullin who had to be forcibly ejected from the office of the Chief of Police for coming there to a meeting of police captains in an intoxicated condition.

When I commented on the Mayor Dever publicity to a local editor, he said, "He is doing his level best, but the graft penetrates through the whole political system, and one man is helpless."

The boys at one of the city's large dance-halls which I visited seemed to be well supplied with hip flasks.

Outside of the Chicago city limits beer, I am told, is plentiful. Cicero enjoys the reputation "Nothing is so wet as Cicero." Many towns on the Indiana border-line are said to thrive from Chicago booze patronage.

Wine making in the home has become a favorite Chicago indoor sport. Arthur Evans, a very careful local statistician, told me that he had found a forty-five per cent increase in the grapes sold in the Chicago area in 1924 over the year 1923; that implement dealers declare that there are more fruit-presses in Cook County than washing-machines; and that he estimates a volume of 15,000,000 gallons of wine made in Chicago during the past year.

Mr. Evans figures that the home-made output of wine averages about twenty gallons for every family, or about four gallons for every man, woman, and child in the county.

You can better realize what 15,000,000 gallons mean when you recall that in 1914 the total wine consumption in the whole country was not in excess of 53,000,000 gallons.

Mr. Evans said that people are startled by these figures, but that in actuality it is a very conservative estimate. In pre-Volstead days, he pointed out, about 4,000 car-loads of grapes came into Chicago during the year. In 1924 (the figures are for only the first eleven months of the year) 10,363 cars of grapes were imported. Each car contained about 15 tons, or about 2,500 gallons of fruit juices. His study showed him that only eight or ten per cent of these grapes were used on the table or in jam making. The above figures do not include the great quantity of grapes trucked in from the vineyards of Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio; nor do they take into consideration the wines that are made from cherries, raspberries, currants, figs, and dandelions.

Nature has made the home wine making a very simple process. The purchase of a quantity of grapes, barrels, and a fruit-press, and then a passage of time, are all that is necessary.

Mr. Evans also stated that grain alcohol (which puts the sin into synthetic gin) is more abundant in the Chicago area than at any time in the last three years. He spoke of companies on the "West Side" who make a business of furnishing any kind of booze bottle or label.

Statistical data show that wrong-doing is on the increase in Chicago. For example, the arrests for disorderly conduct read as follows (it is under this heading that drunks are listed):

1916	49,952
1920	32,352
1921	51,300
1922	67,694
1923	76,419
1924	90,852

During the five-year period since prohibition the population of Chicago has increased only about twelve per cent, in contrast to this enormous increase in wrong-doing.

Offenses against chastity and morals increased 429 per cent in the five-year prohibition period, according to the figures. However, when I interviewed Dr. Ben Reitman at the City Health Clinic, he said that they treated many social diseases and had found conditions much better since prohibition. "Alcoholism is far less evident in our cases now," he declared.

Cases of assault with a deadly weapon rose from 1,322 in 1919 to 2,587 in 1924; assault and battery, from 216 in 1919 to 356 in 1924; carrying of concealed weapons, from 677 in 1919 to 1,159 in 1924; murder and manslaughter, from 176 in 1919 to 280 in 1924.

Dr. McNally, Chicago's coroner, gave me the following figures: "Out of 1,566 morgue cases from 1914 through 1923, 687 deaths (or 43.87 per cent) were due to alcoholism."

In the years 1918–20 alcohol played a part in 80 deaths per 10,000 population, he said. In the years 1921–3 it played a part in 247 deaths per 10,000 population. Dr. McNally said that he believed the increase was due to the gradual dissemination of the knowledge of liquor making.

A booklet issued on January 13, 1925, by Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Chicago Commissioner of Health, says: "Analyses made by the Chicago Health Department laboratories of police samples collected as evidence of law violation showed that eighty per cent of these samples were moonshine." The statement went on: "Two hundred and thirty-nine persons in Chicago paid the penalty, executed by the demon moonshine in the year 1924, not to speak of the scores of blinded and insane and the victims of vice and crime resulting directly from drinking moonshine liquor. This city, like every other metropolis, is being flooded with the rankest kind of concoctions, liquor made up of blends of raw spirits, of wood alcohol, disguised denatured alcohol, synthetic gins, and hair tonic mixtures."

CINCINNATI and Milwaukee used to be thought of as particularly wet centers. It is therefore quite a surprise to find the first of these cities one of the driest of the Mid-Western large cities.

"One of the driest" means that an earnest effort towards law enforcement is being made and open drinking has been made very difficult.

Chief of Police Copelan and Lieutenant John Seebohm, of the "flying squadron," seem to have won universal respect in this city, once known as "a city of breweries." They have the reputation both of being highly efficient and unbribable.

The ability of these police heads is probably due to the fact that in Cincinnati the police force has been removed from politics. The men gain their promotions through Civil Service examinations, and not through party patronage. The result is that they do not have to listen to political dictation or lose their jobs. The present Police Chief is a Democrat in a rock-ribbed Republican town.

Lieutenant Seebohm, at the head of a special headquarters squad of twelve men, has a free rein to search out pro-

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hibition violations in any part of the city. He commands the respect and fear of the "wets." They know that he cannot be called off.

The fact that politics does not play such a part in the police activity here as elsewhere is illustrated by a local editor's remark to me: "There is no politics in the cops. They nail councilmen who are running saloons more often than any one else."

However, this energy for law enforcement on the part of the police heads evidently does not percolate through the entire force. On March 19, 1925, forty-eight members of the force were indicted by a special Federal grand jury on the charge of conspiracy to violate the National Prohibition Law. Those indicted included all but one of the detectives on the night force and nine members of Seebohm's "flying squadron." They were immediately suspended by Chief Copelan, and he is now proceeding to reorganize his force.

Even with improper assistance, Copelan and Seebohm have made Cincinnati dry for the stranger and inconvenient for the practiced toper. In this they have been aided by Assistant United States Attorney A. Lee Beatty.

Mr. Beatty said to me: "We have never lost a prohibition case in two years. We have had some hung juries, but never an acquittal. Our greatest trouble has been with Kentucky." Comparatively heavy fines are imposed on Cincinnati violators. They average from $350 to $500 for each offense.

The arrests of violators of the Prohibition Law in 1924 numbered over 2,400, twice that of 1923. This is said to be due to the special activity of Lieutenant Seebohm.

Chief Copelan gave me the police court figures of arrests as follows:

	Total	*Drunks*
1920	15,944	395
1921	24,181	603
1922	30,935	712
1923	39,152	1,118
1924	46,190	1,785

He explained that the 1920 figures showed a sharp drop from previous years, due supposedly to prohibition before consistent violations set in. He also said that an increasing portion of arrests were for traffic violations.

Together with the good aspects of law enforcement in Cincinnati, there are many violations of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Carrying out the advice, "If you want a drink, ask the first stranger you meet," I stopped the first man as I left the depot. He pointed to a place a stone's throw away where "moon" was sold for one dollar the half-pint.

"Moon" (short for moonshine) seems to be the main liquor drink of Cincinnati—this, I suppose, on account of the scarcity of smuggled stuff, even of the diluted variety. There are two reasons for this scarcity—*i. e.*, inconvenient location for the rum-runners (long distance away from sources) and the strictness of the law enforcement.

Chief Copelan said that for a year they hadn't seized a single gallon of real liquor; it was all of the synthetic variety.

Kentucky, the traditional home of moonshine stills, is very handy to Cincinnati. Newport, Kentucky, just over the bridge from Cincinnati, is said to be wide open, and "moon" is quite easily brought into the larger city.

Ernest W. Mandeville's

researches carried him to the seat of the Government in Washington. A forthcoming article from his pen will deal with prohibition at the

Capital

"Moon" sells in the cafés, pool-rooms, bakeries, etc., I was told by a girl social worker who makes calls all over the city. It is also sold by men in automobiles, who take up a stand on one street corner after another.

Of course the well-to-do have arrangements whereby they are supplied with what passes for good liquor.

Another social worker told me that, although liquor was not sold openly, it was easily available for those who know the ropes. She said that in her court work she had noticed no decreases in the cases affected by alcohol. In the bootleg cases, she said, the culprits were not afraid of fines and paid them cheerfully. She advocated padlock methods, and said that they were not being used.

I interviewed the *maître d'hôtel* of one of the large hotels, and asked him about conditions at their many banquets and dances. He said: "The conditions are much worse than before. The banquets are very wet. The private rooms are now veritable barrooms. We don't sell anything and discharge any employee who is caught trading in booze, but we can't stop them bringing it in. At the dances several boys will club together and take a room which serves as the supply station for themselves and their girls during the dance." A manager of the hotel confirmed these statements.

Chief Copelan said that he was aware that the traffic was still going on, but that they couldn't seem to get at it. "The profit seems to be so big and the demand so great," he said, "that you can't suppress the trade. We get them, and then some one else takes it up."

A county enforcement official told me: "With the present forces there is no chance of real enforcement. Liquor for those who can afford it comes in by automobile from Toledo and from Detroit. Though the local breweries are kept pretty well in hand, if you are properly introduced you can get from them high-powered beer. In an investigation which I made I found a widespread sale and consumption of booze, and I am very doubtful if the law can ever be enforced." This from an enforcement official!

The most important point about the Cincinnati enforcement is the system of raids made under the instigation of the mayors of surrounding villages. These mayors (working in conjunction with State prohibition enforcement agents) have power to raid anywhere in the city of Cincinnati. The raiders can enter private houses, and, if they find liquor, the owner is summoned to the village court. There fines are dispensed or cash settlements in lieu of trial arranged. This money, I was told, is split two ways, half going to the village and half to the raiders. This makes for zealous (sometimes overzealous) raiding with handsome returns. Most people would settle at any price when caught rather than go through the annoyance and publicity of a court trial. Even if their liquor is pre-Volstead and legal, they feel that they have to pay up or suffer.

Householders are terrified that they may be raided any minute. If there is a trace of suspicion that you have liquor in your house or are a drinking person, you are liable to be reported by some enemy or by a dry, and in come the raiding deputies. Then it is pay up or face the publicity. Almost every one pays, and the profits mount up for the raiders and the villages.

While I was in Cincinnati there was a case in the North Bend liquor court in which the raiding deputies were prosecuting on the evidence of a small amount of alleged liquor that they had salvaged from the drain-pipe in a private house.

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Cincinnati's record, in comparison with the other cities I visited, is a good one. When you stop to think of the former wetness of Cincinnati and the fact that almost all of the political workers were "wets" in the old days, the change is a remarkable one, especially the changed state of mind of the public and character of the office-holders.

Motorists and Grade Crossings

By MILLS C. LEONARD

A locomotive engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad knows from personal experience that the sum total of one grade crossing plus a fool motorist means at least shaken nerves. Sometimes it means death and destruction. Let him tell you what he sees from his cab window

COME and take a ride with me in the cab of my engine.

I am going to drive her at the rate of sixty miles an hour, which means that sometimes she will go considerably faster than that. There will be thrills.

Perhaps I should tell you in advance of some of the things you will see—and feel.

There are grade crossings, you know. The crossings are not dangerous, but the automobile creates a danger at them. I do not recall many trips even during the past winter months when I did not have from one to three close calls. At practically every grade crossing without guard gates some driver goes over after the whistle has been sounded. And where there are guard gates they sometimes smash them down and go over just the same.

Perhaps you will understand the nature of the thrills better if I give you one or two specific instances.

On the 15th of last January I took my run out at 5:41 A.M. An hour later, having been crossed over and using the east-bound track of double track to let a through Pullman train west run around my train, I was driving along at reduced speed, probably forty miles an hour. I whistled long and loud for a particularly bad crossing. When within about 150 feet of the crossing, I saw lights bobbing around on the planks. That indicated an automobile—in motion. My fireman, as I afterwards learned, was looking directly at the car. It did not occur to him at first that the driver would try to get across. Then he saw him "give her the gas." Those bobbing lights, however, had enabled me to divine the driver's intention. I snapped the brake valve to full emergency position.

We were 300 feet past the crossing when the train stopped, but the emergency application of the brakes had stayed the engine the one instant that it took for the automobile to get over those rails.

The fireman in a tremulous voice asked me, "Did he get over?"

I answered, "Yes, he did."

The fireman got up from his seat, came over to the gangway at the right side, and, talking as though that driver might be getting every word, said, "Old fellow, no one but God saved you."

Here is the author of this article at the throttle of his engine as he pulled into the station at Youngstown, Ohio

From that instant for the balance of the trip there was an engineer in the cab whose nerves were not fit for his job. Little clicks and knocks were so magnified as to make it seem that the engine was falling to pieces. While crossing a foreign railroad at grade, and having the signal to proceed, one of the foreign railroad's engines started to blow off steam. I started involuntarily from my seat, and it was only with difficulty that I forced myself to remain in the cab.

Another time before that, after I had sounded the whistle for the crossing two automobiles shot across, one right after the other, at about forty-five miles an hour. I was thinking how much better judgment those fellows would have displayed if they had stopped and waited only one minute for my train to pass when the fireman shouted to me, "There's another!" Like a flash, a large coupé went across at about sixty miles an hour. In that coupé was a little girl about five years old on her knees looking out of the rear window. A woman, doubtless her mother, was at the wheel. To me, it looked as though that woman was not thinking of her child, but only of not being outdone by those other two cars—or by that train, either.

If they do not come quite so close to the pilot of the engine, of course it does not shatter the nerves so badly. Sometimes it arouses a feeling within the engineer that if he could get his hands on the driver he would like to thrash him soundly. Then again, if things go along

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for some time with no real close ones, he becomes hardened to those of five or six hundred feet and may not take a second look at the cars. Still, he knows that drivers are flirting with the grim reaper. They have been told of the mighty powers which their car possesses, of its quick pick-up, of its acceleration. Of what use are these wonderful attributes if they are not demonstrated? But the locomotive engineer knows that those who make the demonstrations will, sooner or later, repose peacefully at the end of their last ride in a wonderful car; and that wonderful car, if enough is left of it, will repose in a junk yard.

No, of course you do not want to ride in the cab of my engine. But I have to ride in it. Perhaps I can do just a little something toward making you understand how it feels.

Were you ever held up at the point of a gun? I never was, possibly because I never had anything that the other fellow wanted, but I have heard men describe the situation. The hole in the gun barrel looked as big as a washtub, the bullets the size of cannon-balls. But that feeling, when contrasted with that of the engineer when he is about to strike an automobile, is about as placid as the waters of the Amazon compared with the gorge below Niagara Falls. The danger involved may include the wrecking of his train. There is nothing he can sacrifice to prevent the loss of life. He has sounded his whistle loud and long to prevent just this thing, and yet he is confronted with something he is powerless to overcome.

And I assure you that the instances I have given are not unusual. It is not necessarily a tourist in a strange place who misjudges the road crossing. Too frequently it is a person well acquainted with the railroad, having what he regards as a full knowledge of the characteristics of that particular crossing. In reality, he only knows that freight trains and passenger trains are run over it in about the same manner every day.

This brings to mind published statistics which show that only five per cent of people really think. Ten per cent think they think, and eighty-five per cent never think about thinking. And, from an engineer's experience, it looks as though that entire eighty-five per cent is driving or trying to drive automobiles. Grade-crossing accidents have come to be a nightmare. Whole families are wiped out in a flash. And still the other fellow jams his car, in which is his entire family, in front of the very next train that comes along.

Possibly some of these people do think, but, if so, it is selfish thought—extremely so. Nothing else would make them dispute a train's right of way. Do they begrudge the train the minute it would take to pass?

Being thoughtless and being selfish, the eighty-five per cent of the 19,000,000 persons who own automobiles are not going to make a resolution that from this time on they will be more careful at railroad crossings, will look for cross signs when on a strange road, and will stop and wait for trains. Even if they did make them, how many good resolutions are ever kept? You know; you have made them.

There is only resolution in regard to grade crossings that will ever amount to anything, and that is the resolution that they must go. When they are all gone, there will still be plenty of places for us to turn our attention to. Grade-crossing elimination, so far as it has gone, does not indicate that the motorist will be safe without them. If a crossing is put overhead, he runs off the curved approaches; and if it is put underneath, he runs into the abutments.

One good result, however, will come from the elimination of grade crossings. The engineer who has had his nerves shattered so many times not only by close calls but by the reality of striking automobiles will heave a sigh of relief. And very likely he will come in on time more often because he will not be afraid to make the speed permissible under the rules. Until we can eliminate grade crossings—which will not be for a considerable time—drastic measures ought to be taken to safeguard them.

To Suit Any Situation

By George Witten

RUSSELL GRANGE was a promoter held in high esteem by the venders of worthless securities. He was an executive of no mean ability, and when men or women set out to produce under his guidance they went well heeled and ready for any emergency.

On a bright afternoon in late April the businesslike Grange gathered about him a force of high-powered salespeople to give them their final instructions before sending them out to make a grand clean-up. The forty-odd men and women before him listened eagerly to every word he said—success under Russell Grange meant simply following instructions.

"Men and women," his voice fell clear and powerful, "the psychological moment for launching this campaign has come. This is the time of year that all business girls are thinking of and planning for their vacations. That is your line of approach. Remember, you are not selling stock. You are not selling anything. The sole purpose of your call is to lay before these women the greatest vacation club plan ever devised.

THERE is nothing that the grafter will not turn to his own evil ends. He would as cheerfully steal a working-girl's vacation as a widow's inheritance. This is the last of a series of articles by George Witten on shysters and their methods.

"You are going to give these working-girls an opportunity to become associated with and beneficiaries of this wonderful movement.

"They want to know when, where, and how best to spend their vacations. The purpose of your visit to them is to tell them all of these things.

"Our advertisements offering free information and guidance on these subjects have brought us hundreds of names already, and more are pouring in daily. These names have been gathered by us at great expense, but we give them to you without charge. They have been gathered for your sole benefit, and each of these leads contains full information about the inquirer.

"This vacation club plan has the patronage and support of the country's best people. We have vice-presidents and advisory boards to suit any situation. It doesn't matter whether your prospect is a Catholic, Protestant, or Jew; a Democrat, Republican, or Progressive; or what her nationality. In the folders we have prepared you will find these various lists. You must be careful to use each list on the proper occasion, and be sure that the lists not in use are kept well out of sight.

"The Lakeland Vacation Club, Incorporated, is going to bring joy to all of us.

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But, remember, this campaign lasts for one month only; then the books will be closed, and no further opportunities given."

THAT evening Florence Latham sat alone in the tiny Bronx apartment that she shared with three other business girls. It had been a trying day at the office; she was worn out, and too utterly tired to join the others in an evening of frolic. She felt very much the need of a change, and had recently answered an advertisement which purported to give free information on the best and most economical way to enjoy a vacation. They had sent her a form to fill out which asked about her religion, nationality, and political views, together with her age, the nature of her business, and references.

Well, she had saved $200, this year intending to have a good time for two weeks. Last year she had broken down at her work before vacation time arrived, and by the time she got well again doctor's bills and medicine had taken up all her savings, and she couldn't afford a real vacation. But this year she was going to have a wonderful two weeks.

She answered a ring at her bell, and opened the door to a smart-looking woman of middle age.

"I want to see Miss Florence Latham," said the caller.

"I am Miss Latham." Her eyes spoke the surprise the visit gave her, and asked plainly the nature of the visitor's business.

"I am Mrs. Winthrop Jones, one of the Membership Committee of the Lakeland Vacation Club," the caller smiled sweetly.

"Oh, won't you come in?" There was not a more welcome subject to Florence Latham than vacation.

Mrs. Winthrop Jones was thoroughly business, and went straight to the point of the visit. Removing her gloves as she entered the room, she ignored the girl's invitation to sit down, and walked to a table, where she proceeded to spread out an elaborate green and blue map, at the top of which was engraved in large letters, "Lakeland Vacation Club Camp." She pointed out the bathing beaches of the lakes; the boat-houses, with their fleet of canoes and sailboats; the tennis courts; golf courses; dancing pavilions; driveways. There was everything that a girl could wish for.

The club Membership Committee had looked up Miss Latham's references, and found them perfectly satisfactory. They were so glad that Miss Latham was a Methodist. This was a club for Methodist girls. The vice-president, the Rev. Dr. Waring, who Miss Latham no doubt knew, was one the best-known Methodist ministers. The club's Advisory Board also contained a number of well-known Methodists. Mrs. Winthrop Jones happened to have an extra folder containing the list of officers and members of the Advisory Board, which she was glad to give to Miss Latham.

Indeed, the Lakeland Vacation Club was by no means a "No Man's Land;" there were several hotels in the vicinity, and also men's camps. Club members were privileged to invite any gentlemen friends to visit them they wished, and the Entertainment Committee always made sure that a girl was given introductions to desirable young men.

The initiation fee for club membership was $100. This made a girl a life member. After this first payment she was entitled to stay at the camp and enjoy the club privileges for $30 a week. This included board, dancing, boating, bathing, use of tennis courts and golf courses. By payment of this $100 a girl provided herself with a vacation resort for life.

Florence was thrilled with all the ardor of her twenty-three years. Lakeland Camp must be a perfect dream of a place. She was tempted to write her check for $160 then and there, but that very afternoon she had promised her chum she would make no definite arrangements for vacation without her.

"You will have to decide right away," said Mrs. Winthrop Jones; "we have a long list of applicants, and the numbers are limited. When will your chum be in?"

"I don't know, but probably about twelve o'clock. I could let you know definitely to-morrow night. I don't think there is any doubt about us joining, if we can both join."

THE next morning Florence secured a seat in the crowded subway express. Next to her sat two Jewish girls in excited conversation over their vacation plans. Florence could not help hearing what they said, nor could she be blamed for reading the folder one held in her hand.

"You should join the Lakeland Club, Clara," the girl nearest Florence was saying. "It is for Jewish girls only, and everything is the best—boating, swimming, tennis, golf. Rabbi Horomvich is vice-president, and a lot of fine Jewish people are on the Advisory Board."

Florence could hardly believe her eyes. The folder held by the Jewish girl was identical with the one she carried in her hand-bag, except that where her folder stated that the Rev. Dr. Waring was vice-president and gave an Advisory Board composed of prominent Methodists, the other gave Rabbi Horomvich as vice-president and an Advisory Board of prominent Jews. The other officers of the club were the same, and all the explanatory text read the same, giving the same location as the site of the club camp.

THROUGH the morning at the office Florence puzzled over the conversation of the Jewish girls and the statements of Mrs. Winthrop Jones. Late in the afternoon, when things slacked up a bit in the office, Mary O'Brien, a talkative Irish stenographer, began to tell the other girls of the wonderful vacation she was going to have.

"It's too bad the rest of you can't join our club," she said, "but it's for Catholic girls only."

"What's the name of your club?" asked Florence.

"The Lakeland Vacation Club," enthused Mary. "Father O'Toole, of the Sacred Shrine Church, is vice-president."

Florence gasped. "Have you paid your hundred dollars yet, Mary?" she asked, catching the other girl's arm.

"Sure I have. But why look so worried? I'd take you along if I could, Florence, but you're not a Catholic."

"You don't understand, Mary. There's something wrong. I believe this Lakeland Club is a fake. Look at this."

Mary's eyes bulged wide as Florence drew the Lakeland Club folder from her bag and pointed to the name of Dr. Waring as vice-president. Then she told her about the folder and conversation of the Jewish girls, who believed that Rabbi Horomvich was vice-president.

"Let's go and tell Mr. Birch about this." Florence caught the frightened and helpless Mary by the hand and led her to the manager's office.

"This is clearly a case for the authorities," said the manager. "Tell every one to keep the matter quiet, and we'll see if we can't have these people arrested and get Mary's money back."

When Mrs. Winthrop Jones called at Florence's apartment to collect an easy $320, she found two detectives waiting for her.

"Well, well! if it ain't our old friend Confidence Carry!" laughed one of the policemen as they stepped beside Mrs Winthrop Jones. "I think, Carry, you'll be spending your summer at Auburn instead of Lakeland."

Mrs. Winthrop Jones, alias Confidence Carry, muttered something unprintable as she marched off between the detectives.

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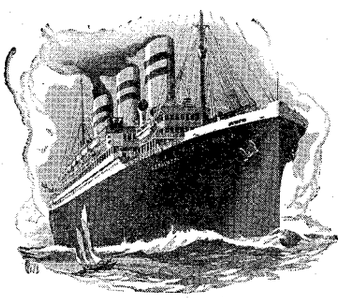

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Slim Ball's Religion

By BILL ADAMS

In which a fruit tramp finds that charity and religion are not always synonymous

SLIM BALL and I pulled tents together through the summer months. Pulling tents is the hardest work I know. There's good money in it for good men; but the work is irregular. The so-called tents are canvases 45 or 55 feet square. We pull them over the orange trees, stamp their edges close down on the soil, and shoot poison gas beneath to kill the insect pests. The work starts at sundown, and the tents must be off the trees half an hour before sunup. It's deadly dangerous work. Every now and again the horse or mule that pulls the two-wheeled gas machine gets a whiff of the gas and dies. All wild life in the orchard perishes. Doves sitting on their young, song-birds, quail, rabbits, snakes, poultry roosting out—are all destroyed. Men have been killed. Most of us have been "knocked out" a time or two. It's dirty work. The trees are thick with dust from continual cultivation of the soil. Dead beat, exhausted, we go home, white-faced, at daybreak to seek a little sleep before the intense heat of day begins.

The boys who follow the fruit for a living are a wild lot; but their credit is good at old Dad Moley's little chop-house. They'll pay when they get the coin. Now and then, when frost hits the orange crop, there are hard times. If ever a fruit tramp skips and leaves a bill unpaid, the rest chip in and see that Dad does not lose. There's honor in rough men. Their hearts are like unbroken prairie that waits the civilizing influence of the plow.

Slim was about twenty-seven, and one of the roughest of the fruit tramps. He saved nothing. He drank hard liquor, cursed, played poker, and shot craps. His brown eyes were brilliant, his hair black as jackdaw feathers. His voice, usually harsh, like a saw cutting a wood knot, was sometimes softly modulated and oddly questioning. When at the end of the fumigating season I landed a job on the police force, he laughed, "Haw, haw, haw! You'll be a preacher next!" Like all the fruit tramps, he despised policemen and the church people.

Between the close of the fumigating season and opening of the orange pack the fruit tramps flock to town from the peach and grape country to line up jobs at the big packing-houses. When a green girl comes, hoping to find a chance to learn to pack, one or other of the boys may get acquainted and help her find a job. That fall Slim found a green girl a job down at the old Pioneer packing-house.

Just before the pack started a big tent was set up on the bare lots at the top of Honolulu Street. The tramps, thinking there was to be a road show, were interested, but when they found that it was just Gid Blue, the evangelist, going his rounds from town to town, paid no more heed. I saw Slim lolling on the counter of the Georgia pool hall that evening, talking to Joe Southey, the bootlegger.

"How come you're not with the girl to-night, Slim?" I asked. Joe winked at me, and Slim, as Joe moved off, said, "The Jane's gone to revival."

Next evening when I stopped at the Georgia and asked where Slim was Joe hadn't seen him. I looked in at the door of the big tent as I passed. The choir were singing "Let the Blessed Sunshine In." The evangelist was waving his hands and tossing his long black hair. I spotted Slim beside his girl. She was singing like a meadow lark, and Slim was staring at Gid Blue. When they were done singing they all sat down, and Gid Blue walked to and fro between the choir and the audience, rubbing his hands and smiling. Every now and then he'd pause and look over the audience, then, catching some man or woman's eye, would rub his hands and smile again. Folks got to smiling back at him.

"Friends," said Gid Blue, "we're going to let the blessed sunshine in."

I saw Slim's girl lay her hand on his. Gid Blue began to preach. There was no sound but his voice. Now and then he'd clench and shake a fist, as though he were taking a crack at Satan. Now and then he'd lean forward and pick out some one in the audience with his eyes, then stand still and quiet, like a fisherman feeling a nibble. Slim's girl was close up against Slim, who sat staring at the evangelist.

When Gid quit talking, his forehead was wet and the cords stood out. Standing between the penitent bench and the choir, he stretched out his big hands to the audience. "Friends," he said, "who wants the blessed sunshine?"

He dropped his hands to his sides an bowed his head a little; then, looking u as though he could see the sky abov the tent, cried: "The sunshine's fre friends! All you've got to do is jus come and take it!"

Half-way down the tent a man rose t his feet. "Come get the blessed sun shine!" called Gid. Another and anothe rose. Every one stared at the folks wh walked up to the penitent bench. Th town ministers were there to show then the way. Gid Blue threw up his hand and cried, "Look at the harvest, Lord!" People were sobbing, children standin up to see the penitents kneel. Gid Blu turned to the choir and nodded, and a they began to sing "Let the Blesse Sunshine In" cried again, "It's free friends!"

Slim's girl was sitting straight up, he hand on Slim's hand. I could see he squeezing it. Slim, his lower lip in hi teeth, stared at Gid Blue, then looked down quick and sudden at his girl. I saw her pull his hand as though she were trying to make him get up. The choir sang, low and soft. Slim rose, his face red, his bright eyes hungry.

"It's free!" cried the evangelist.

Slim's girl sat crying by his empty seat. Reverent Prible laid a hand on his arm, and, like a man in a trance, Slim knelt at the penitent bench. When he came back, he saw and looked right through me. He took his seat, and his girl held his hand in both of hers All I could see was Slim's face and her face. They'd forgotten Gid and the choir; everything but the blessed sunshine. The choir quit singing. Gid Blue bowed his head, and I slipped through the door and went back to my beat.

Next evening when I was at the Georgia Slim came along. Ned Cotton, foreman at the Black and White packing-house, came from the pool-room with some of the boys. Grinning at Slim, he asked, "How's Jesus, Slim?"

Slim took a quick look at Cotton, then, sticking his clenched fist out, rolled his sleeve up. "Feel that," he said. Cotton muttered, "All right, Slim," and, blushing confusedly, went off up the street, while the other boys returned to the pool-room, looking silly.

There were gambling games every

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ight, and I was kept busy. The only imes I'd see Slim were when I'd stop in it the Georgia as I went on my beat in he evening. He'd quit smoking, craps, oker, cussing, and booze, and no one lared to kid him. Sunday evening I saw im going into church with his girl. He topped to introduce me to her, a pretty ittle thing, a heap too good for the Slim hat used to be. I was glad for her sake hat he'd got religion.

When I went off my beat next morning, my wife said, "Old Tom's wife's sick."

Old Tom lived over the road from me. He was Eyetalian, and pretty well bent up from a life of hard work. His wife was a woman with a sunny wrinkled face. They spoke broken English and could not read or write. Tom had had a lot of tough luck one way and another, and beyond day wages hadn't a thing. The doctor had said, "Operation," and both of them had that horror of the surgeon's knife that many poor folks have. We'd been neighbors a long while. I said, "It'll come out right some way, Tom, old-timer," and went home to breakfast and bed.

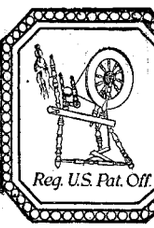
When I went uptown toward evening, I met Slim at a corner and told him about old Tom. When we came to the Georgia, he took off his hat. Cotton and some of the boys were there, and Slim shoved the hat out and said to Cotton, "Chip in." Cotton asked, "What's the idea?" and Slim told him about old Tom. Cotton dropped a dollar in the hat and passed it on. They all chipped in. Southey passed and put a bill in the hat. Slim was enjoying himself. He was one of those boys made to lead a good cause, and all the tramps liked him. Dad Moley put a bill in, and by and by Slim counted better than $50. Shoving it into my hands, he told me to give it to old Tom. "Hold on a bit," he said. Reverent Prible was coming up the street, and, hat in hand, Slim went to meet him. He made his little talk about old Tom and said, "Maybe you'll like to chip in with a quarter, mister?"

Reverent Prible asked, "Is he a Christian man? I can't help him if he's not a Christian man," he added.

Slim stared hard at Reverent Prible a moment, then swung suddenly about and, with a queer, savage stare in his eyes, went back to the Georgia.

I took the $50 to old Tom and had a hard time making him accept it. "It's from some of the boys," I told him, "We're all in the game together. It's what life's for, I reckon."

That night Slim was drunk. I took him home, and kept out of the way of his girl.



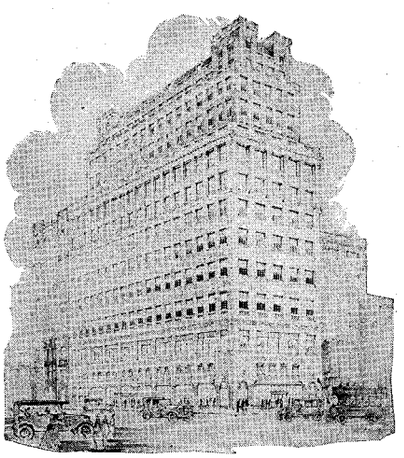
McCutcheon's Clearance Sales of Linens

DURING May you can buy McCutcheon Linens at reduced prices. For this month will be devoted to clearing our enormous stocks of Linens so that we shall have less merchandise to move uptown in October.

We cannot emphasize too strongly that every article in these Clearance Sales upholds the high standards of McCutcheon—in quality and in beauty of design.

Table Cloths and Napkins in every size are featured at reductions ranging from *25% to 33⅓%*; odd sizes, discontinued patterns, and special lots are reduced in many cases as much as *50%*. You'll find Fancy Linens, Sheets, Pillow Cases, and Towels at similarly lowered prices.

If at all possible, plan to visit McCutcheon's in May. Out-of-town patrons can take advantage of these sales, too. Just write us your needs, state sizes desired and approximate prices. Our mail order department will give prompt and painstaking attention to every letter and every order.



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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

A Voice from the Dark

A Review by JAMES L. FORD

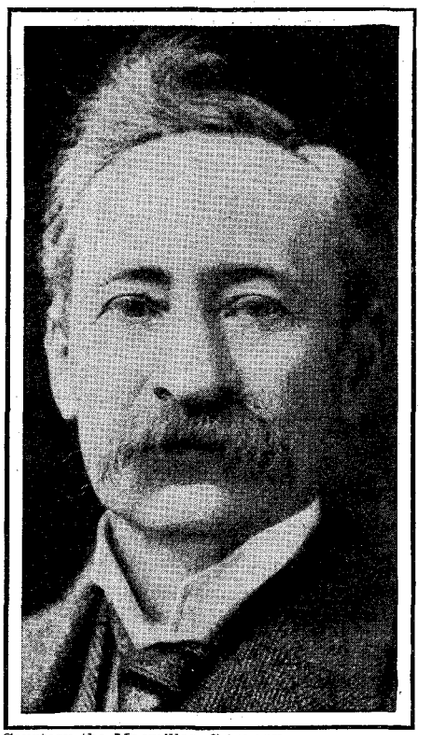
CONAN DOYLE founded the school of detective fiction which has flourished as a green bay tree ever since Sherlock Holmes fastened his first crime on the perpetrator thereof by means of tell-tale wrinkles on the malefactor's coat. From that day on we have had a succession of novels dealing with murder and stolen jewels, mysteries solved by a gentleman called a "criminal investigator," who followed methods distinctly imitative of the earliest of his species. What was formerly literary art has now become a mechanical calling, so closely do these tales resemble one another.

But in "A Voice from the Dark"[1] Mr. Eden Phillpotts put the brake on these monotonous legends of crime and detection by offering a story which opens with a genuine mystery and must enthrall even the most experienced readers of detective fiction to the end. Mr. Phillpotts has always possessed the story-telling gift, but has exercised it in a manner so different that success in another channel at his time of life is surprising.

In my simple home we have lived from Fletcher to Fletcher for several years, disdaining all other writers of that *genre,* and it was therefore with feelings of amazement that we discovered the merit of Mr. Phillpotts's latest book. Now there is much in the work of Mr. J. S. Fletcher, besides the astonishing fertility and ingenuity of his plots, that cannot fail to please the intelligent reader. He can draw character, give color to his landscapes, and invest his country inns with an atmosphere of hospitality and good cheer. I am always glad to note that the men who figure in his pages enjoy frequent libations of good British ale and whisky and soda.

I do not say that Mr. Fletcher has written a novel equal to "The Moonstone," but he has written an infinitely greater number than can be credited to Wilkie Collins, and has maintained throughout all his working years a high average of merit. In short, the gift of story-telling was born with him.

Mr. Phillpotts has devised a novel opening for his new tale. There comes to an English country inn, called the Manor House, a guest in the person of a retired detective who has once so befriended the landlord that the latter receives him with open arms and begs that he will remain his guest as long as he can spare the time. The only other guests in the house are an old invalid lady and her maid, who occupy rooms in



Courtesy the Macmillan Company

Eden Phillpotts

a wing remote from that in which the new arrival is installed. The detective goes to bed and sleeps soundly until awakened at an unseemly hour by the cries of a frightened child, who begs to be saved from some threatening evil. The cries appear to come from the room. But the visitor, who instantly leaves his bed and lights a candle, can find no human being either there or in the adjoining chamber. Nor does anything reward his search of the corridor or closets. He goes back to bed much puzzled, but determined to say nothing of what he has heard, and to attempt to solve the mystery himself. Although he has retired from active service, his interest in crime is by no means dead, and there is something so pitiful in the wails of the child, something so sinister in the voice that calls to him from the darkness of his chamber, that he feels some grav crime has been committed under the roo of the Manor House. Two or thre nights later he is again awakened by th same heartrending cries, the same plea ings of a child paralyzed with fright.

So deep is the impression of myste created by this chapter, so convincingl has the author related the detective' effort to learn the source of the child' terrified lamentations, that I confess m heart failed and I feared that the miser able device of offering the supernatura as a solution confronted me. In the cas of a less skillful writer I would have lai aside the book, but I had read the au thor's earlier novel, "The Gray Room, and had faith in Mr. Phillpotts. I rea on, still wondering from time to time ho he proposed to account for the cries.

Meanwhile the detective has made th acquaintance of the invalid, and to he he relates his experiences. She seem greatly agitated, and explains that a yea before his tenancy of the room a littl boy actually died there. He was th nephew and heir of a certain Lor Brooke, a resident of the neighborhood and because of his delicate health ha been placed in the hotel in the charge of his lordship's trusted servant. Still mys tified and more deeply interested than ever, the detective learns the whereabouts of the servant, who has left Lord Brooke's employ, and is living quietly in a near-by village. Thither the investigator removes, and takes lodgings in a cottage, making known his intentions of purchasing a small house, or bungalow, and becoming a permanent resident. By frequenting the village inn, where he represents himself as a retired commercial traveler, he easily forms the acquaintance of the old servant, and thus enters upon the long road that leads him finally to a perfectly sane solution of the mysterious voice in the haunted room and the punishment of the guilty man.

I hold that it is unfair to author, reader, and publisher of any novel, and especially one dealing with crime, to describe its plot. But I have no hesitation in calling attention to Lord Brooke, one of the most important and interesting of the characters and one who impresses me as distinctly original. A writer of my acquaintance, who has made a specialty of famous crimes and criminals, tells me that not since Count Fosco in "The Woman in White" has he found Lord Brooke's equal in the pages of a novel. Lord Brooke has his hobby, as had the detective in "The Moonstone," but,

[1] A Voice from the Dark. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

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whereas the latter's fondness for roses did not greatly advance the story, Lord Brooke's passion for old ivory is an important link in the chain of evidence.

In the course of his narrative Mr. Phillpotts takes us to the mountainous regions of Italy, where he gratifies his natural love of wild scenery by picturesque description. His book deserves to stand on the same shelf with the stories of Conan Doyle, Wilkie Collins, and the prolific Mr. Fletcher.

The New Books

FICTION

MOCKBEGGAR. By Lawrence W. Meynell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

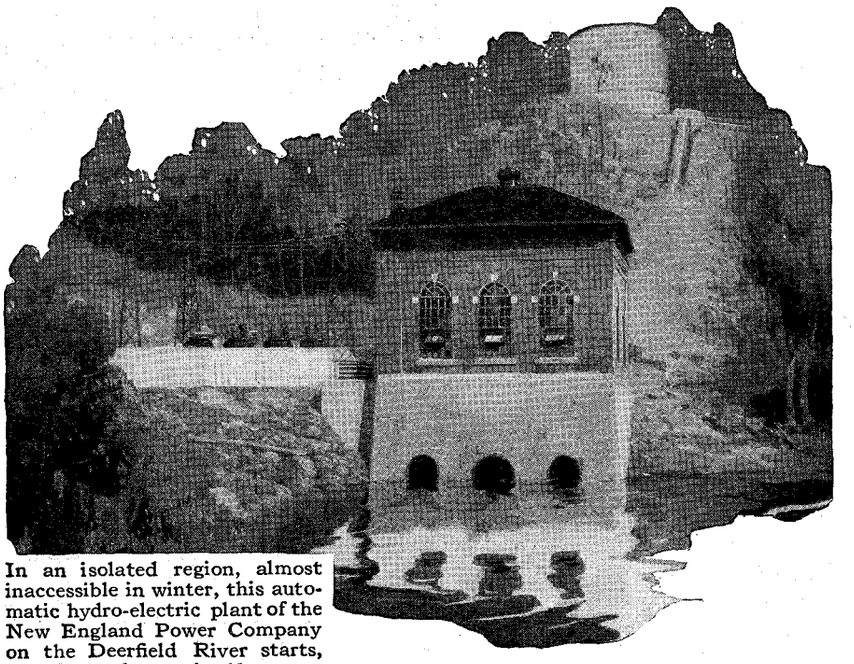
There is a certain sprightly but affected manner in this tale that has led to comparisons of the author with Arlen, Cabell, and others. Let the reader not be discouraged; for, whether he likes this approach or not, he soon finds fascination in the group of young people who chatter gayly, exchange epigrams with facility, and make a sort of court about the incomparable Rachael. Just why and how this queen of theirs does so inspire joyous devotion, and in some deep passion, may be hard to say, but the reader insensibly finds himself joining the group of admirers. Then comes the war; tragedy, treachery, bitterness after sweetness. In some ways this story is ultra-modern, but it deals under the surface with the eternal verities of passion and character.

OBEDIENCE. By Michael Sadleir. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Imagine the author of "Desolate Splendor" and "Privilege" writing a story which, as the publishers point out, is in the tradition of Jane Austen and Trollope! It is true that the Squire's daughter, the lively and eager Catherine, who marries the elegant "vet" over her choleric father's resistance, would figure well in a book by either of those eminent Victorians, and that the manner of the narration does remind us of both of them, but surely the creator of certain vile plotters who figure in "Desolate Splendor" must have had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote this simple tale of love and faithfulness.

SELLWOOD OF SLEEPY CAT. By Frank H. Spearman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Sleepy Cat is a tough town in the bad old days. It needs to be cleaned up by Vigilantes; unhappily, contrary to fiction tradition, the bad men lick the reformers. Sellwood (he hates to be called Gentleman Jack) has behind him a story of wrong that quite justifies him in being a gambler—the only square gambler that



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THE HOME GOD MEANT. BY GEORGE N. LUCCOCK, D.D. "The book is unsurpassed, if indeed equaled, by any other on the same or similar themes."—The Christian Statesman. $1.25. WESTMINSTER PRESS, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

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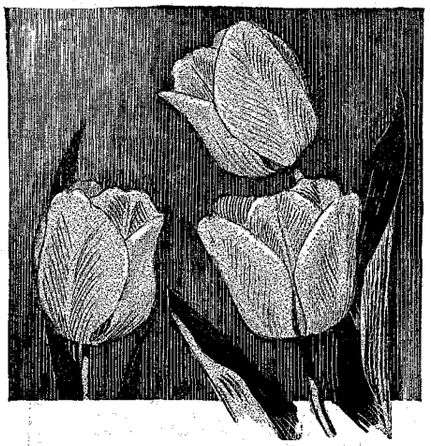

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ever came to Sleepy Cat. He has some traits of Bret Harte's Jack Hamlin, but is less romantic and far more real. When he picks up a girl's shoe (lost in the mud) and puts it in a glass case in his gorgeous gambling hell, we know that he will find her, love her, win her, and run his enemies off the map—such as survive. This is a corking good story, worthy of the author of "Whispering Smith."

THE BISHOP'S GRANDDAUGHTER. By Robert Grant. New York. $2.

It is always agreeable to recognize Judge Grant's urbanity and humor of style and his satire devoid of bitterness. These traits are present in this new story, and they play around the contradictions and inconsistencies of our forty-eight varieties of State divorce law as seen by an English bishop who visits America to help christen his great-granddaughter, but only to find that the evil spirit of divorce is hovering over his own family. Needless to say, neither he nor the author solves the divorce problem, and they can only trust in "the idealism of the American people"—the phrase dinged into the good bishop's ears until he himself begins to use it.

BIOGRAPHY

THE ABRIDGED COMPENDIUM OF AMERICAN GENEALOGY. First Families of America. A Genealogical Encyclopedia of the United States. Edited by Frederick A. Virkus under Direction of Albert Nelson Marquis. A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago. $22.

It is asserted that the man who edits the genealogical department of the Boston "Evening Transcript" could at any time go away on a two years' vacation, leaving behind him in the office more than enough material to keep his department going during his absence. This is probably a slight exaggeration, but so many are the letters he receives, so hot is the hunt for great-grandfathers, that the assertion has a strong basis of truth. Our country was founded by men who were supposed to have a strong distaste for kings and for the trappings of courts, but we go in for every kind of title and ceremony, and even our patriotic Revolutionary societies cannot get along without the royal title of Regent. There is a theory that the founders of the Republic and we, their descendants, honor a man who is the beginner of his family more than one who is the mere "tenth transmitter of a foolish face." As a matter of cold fact, the worship of ancestors is hardly more firmly fixed in the bosom of a Japanese Mikado than in many American citizens, and the family pride of a Spaniard from Aragon is duplicated, if not exceeded, by worthy dwellers in such places as Minneapolis, Seattle, Augusta (both Maine and Georgia), and

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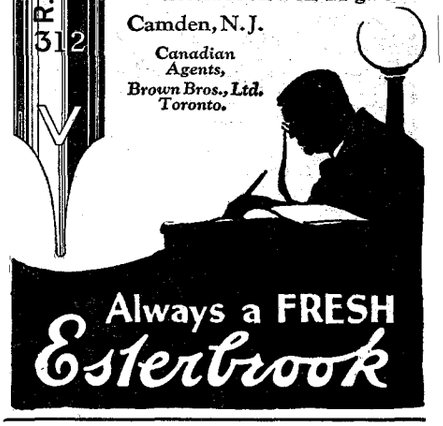

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the smaller towns of Pennsylvania. It would be trite and tiresome to refer to the passion for genealogical research which has long flamed in cities like Philadelphia, Boston, and Richmond. There are quiet, elderly persons in every town of the Union who will arise in indignation and combat the claim of any neighbor to a greater number of ancestors upon some famous ship like the Mayflower, or assisting at an early battle, or sitting at some historic conference. Many Americans live in transatlantic capitals in more or less affluence engaged in the relentless pursuit, through record offices and ancient libraries, of ancestors for Americans.

The sub-title of this book may arouse heartburning. The use of the phrase "first families" simply means families of Colonial or Revolutionary ancestry. It contains the lineage records of a great number of such families, together with an alphabetical list of immigrant ancestors, a list of the patriotic and hereditary societies of the country, and an extensive alphabetical index. It has 1,148 pages, and ought to be extremely useful in libraries and wherever the genealogists gather and carry on their work.

Notes on New Books

THE RELIGION OF A SCEPTIC. By John Cowper Powys. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.

Mr. Powys explains it all in fifty-one pages.

POETRY FROM THE BIBLE. Edited by Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press, New York. $1.50.

The most beautiful and famous poetical passages from the Bible.

THE FARMER'S CHURCH. By Warren H. Wilson. The Century Company, New York. $2.

About the use and value of the rural church.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BUSHONGO. By E. Torday. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $5.

The author has explored the lake country around the Congo River and describes in this book a remarkable tribe which he says has hitherto been unknown.

DR. LITTLE'S DOG BOOK. By George Watson Little. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

A comprehensive book about dogs by a veterinary surgeon. Well illustrated.

THE PASSING OF THE PHANTOMS. By C. J. Patten. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

A study of evolutionary psychology and morals, beginning with the animals.

GOSPEL ROMANCE IN THE HUTS OF THE PUNJAB. By Howard E. Anderson. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25.

Missionaries in the villages of northwest India.

VONDEL. By A. J. Barnouw. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

The life of one of the greatest of the Dutch poets by the Queen Wilhelmina Professor at Columbia University.

SERMONS. By Augusta E. Stetson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $10.

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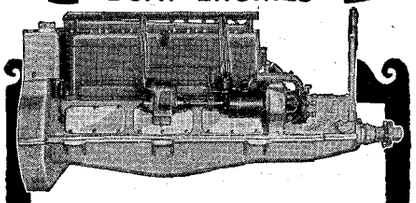

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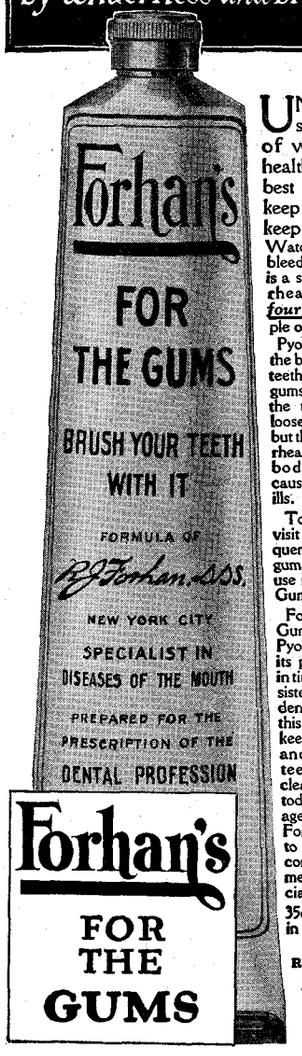

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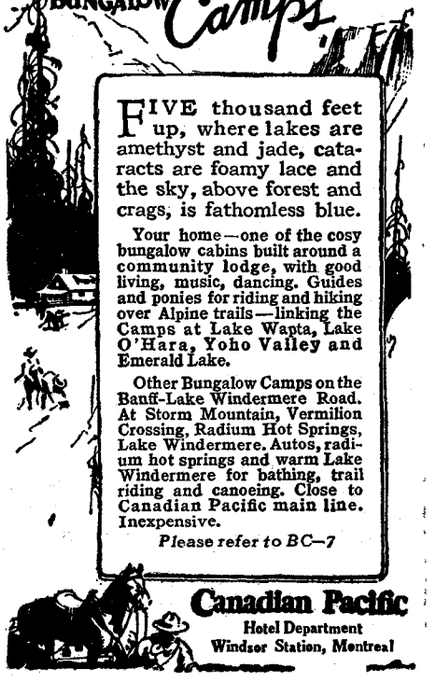

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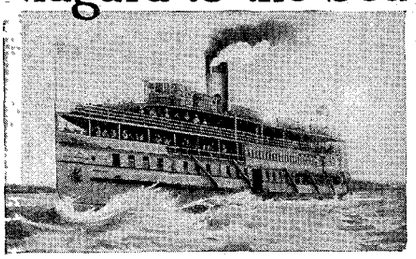
Niagara to the Sea



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Music at Command

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

READERS of this column may be interested to know that the Library of Congress is planning a collection of phonograph records, to be installed by the Victor Talking Machine Company. This is a distinctly radical step. Such a library will keep on permanent record, not only great compositions, but the performance of great artists—something which libraries of the past never contained. The University of London has done a somewhat similar thing in its circulation library of phonograph records and reproducing piano rolls for the benefit of its students. Will the day come when no library will be thought complete without such a collection?

Phonograph Records

DANSE ORIENTALE (Rimsky-Korsakoff); **MOLLY ON THE SHORE** (Grainger-Kreisler). Played by Fritz Kreisler. Victor.

Not always are the largest, most impressive forms of music also the greatest. Sometimes a short, fragmentary piece leaves a deeper impression and seems more nearly to approach perfection. In these two numbers of Kreisler's such a feeling of perfection comes to the listener. Both are arrangements of national dance tunes. Yet the consummate skill with which they are played, combined with the magnetic personality of the player, lifts them out of the category of "tunes" and makes them living, thrilling things. Full-throated low tones, brilliant melodic passages of flutelike clearness, rich double-stopped notes—all of Kreisler is here. The "Danse Orientale," from the "Scheherezade" suite, compresses into one short record the whole kaleidoscopic beauty of Rimsky-Korsakoff's orchestral work. "Molly on the Shore" is a charming glorification of the Cork reel, played with zest and feeling and delicate accents.

PARSIFAL—Prelude, Good Friday Spell (Wagner). Played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Hertz. In six parts, on three records. Victor.

During the past month many people have doubtless heard the "Parsifal" music, especially the "Good Friday Spell." If that has served to whet their appetites, these records have come at an appropriate time. There are slow and stirring themes, melodies of crystal clearness like hidden pools in a forest, passages for deep brass instruments and for quivering, shimmering strings. Now placid and brooding, now agitated, working up to a climax—this is Wagner in his most elevated mood. The San Francisco Orchestra shows excellent musicianship. As to recording, the orchestral tone is gratifying—flute and oboe come out

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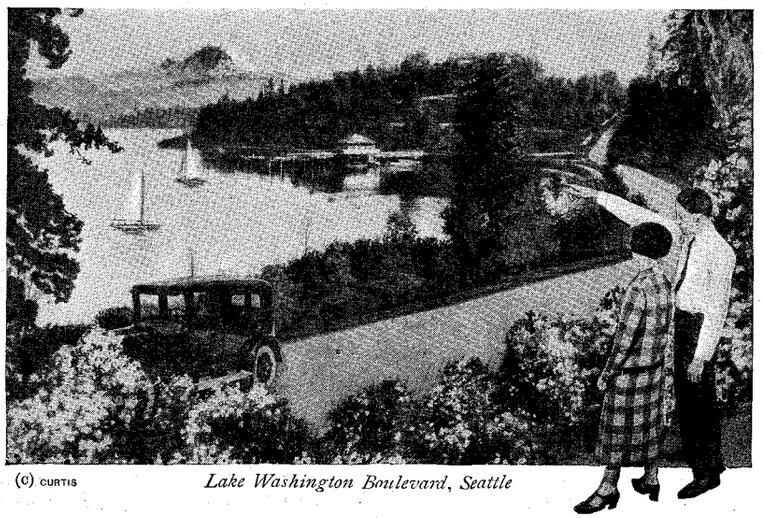

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clearly, and the string tone seems im pressively rich and full. In one way th records are not altogether satisfactory It is evidently impossible to reproduc long-sustained notes accurately; there i always an infinitesimal effect of waver ing. This "sourness" sometimes spoil an otherwise effective passage; but fo the most part the records are remarkably free from this pardonable defect.

CONCERTO IN A MAJOR, for Violin and Orches tra (Mozart). Played by Arthur Catterall an Orchestra, conducted by Hamilton Harty. I eight parts, on four records. Columbia.

Mozart's symphonies often seem thi and weak in comparison with more mod ern symphonic works. But when writte for a solo instrument his music is as fres and original as ever. Always character ized by grace and melodic beauty, Mo zart possesses even more than his usua charm in this concerto. The violi stands out clearly in contrast to th orchestra. Mr. Catterall, among th foremost of the younger English musi cians, is sure and brilliant in his playing If there is any fault in the rendering, i is that the orchestra is too much a accompanying background, dominated by the violin. For the most part the music i gay and filled with the freshness of life— occasionally sad and pensive. And at times we involuntarily say, "This doesn't sound like Mozart!" Yet—perhaps— that is precisely because it is Mozart.

SYMPHONIE PATHÉTIQUE, No. 6 (Tchaikowsky) Played by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald. In ten parts, on five records. Victor.

Another English recording to add to the list. This time it is the emotional "Pathétique." In it life is painted as sinister and pessimistic—a beautiful sadness. Tchaikowsky expounds his gloomy philosophy with somber, muddy passages, emotional pleading of violins, dramatic and ominous themes, and the clashing excitement of brasses. Of course there is the romantic, swinging second movement and the stirring march theme to give relief. The interpretation is by no means inspiring. But it is adequate to convey the composer's mood. And the recording, with the exception of a little scratching, is good.

ALLERSEELEN (R. Strauss); **LIEBESTREU** (Brahms). Sung by Marie Jeritza. Victor

Two quite different composers, though both of the same nationality. Two quite different sentiments, but expressed in the same way. Both are free and melodious songs, sung by Mme. Jeritza with sympathy.

Piano Rolls

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Second half (George Gershwin). Played by George Gershwin Duo-Art.

When Paul Whiteman gave his now historic concert in Æolian Hall a little

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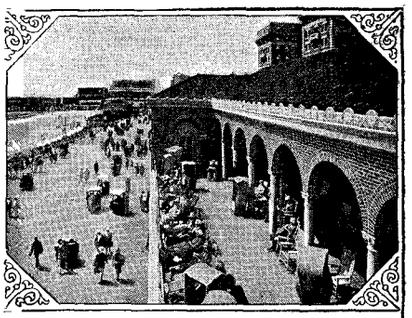

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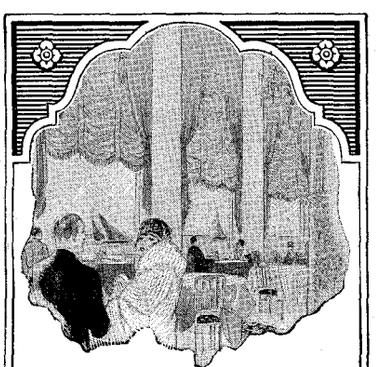

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more than a year ago, George Gershwin—Broadway song writer—played a composition of his own for piano and jazz orchestra. It was called "Rhapsody in Blue." And now, according to recent newspaper accounts, Gershwin has been asked to write an orchestral work to be played next winter by the New York Symphony Orchestra. To those who would like to know why, this recording is recommended. Only the second part of the "Rhapsody" is given; the first part, we were told, will be released next month. But this half is enough to portray the spirit of the work. It is dynamic. There is something of the breadth of Schumann and Brahms in it, and much of the feverish originality of the music that comes out of Broadway. From a slow theme of character and beauty it works up to an excited climax which is unforgetable. In its arrangement for piano solo there are some effects which suggest a player-piano slightly too much. But this is excusable; the orchestral interpretation on the whole has been transferred to the piano with great fidelity.

PRELUDE, FUGUE, AND VARIATION, B Minor (Franck). Transcribed for piano by Harold Bauer. Played by Julius Chaloff. Ampico.

Nobility and contemplative calm; then a mingling of voices, clashing and protesting; finally, happy exhilaration. To Bach-like restraint and classicism Franck has added a little more of the poetic mood. The playing is impersonal, focusing the attention more directly on the composition itself—a good thing.

GIGUE, G Minor (Mozart). Played by Marie Gabrielle Leschetizky. Ampico.

PASSEPIED, "Le Roi s'Amuse" (Delibes). Played by Marie Gabrielle Leschetizky. Ampico.

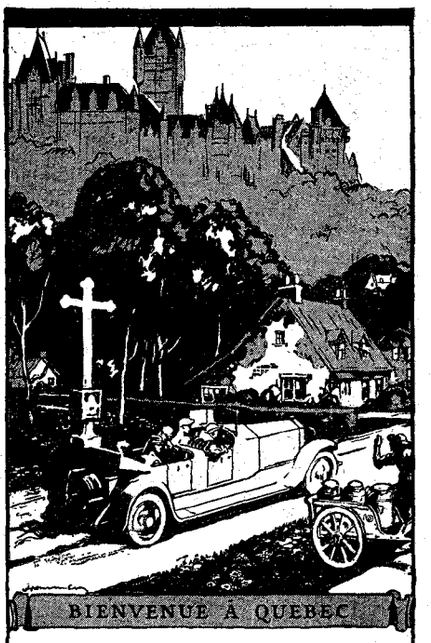
Here are two rolls that go back to music of the past. The Mozart is a dainty piece of composition, quick and live in rhythm, a beautiful example of work of the eighteenth century. The "Passepied" is written in sixteenth-century style. It has a buoyant restlessness, with a wistful archaic melody. Both have charming quaintness and simplicity.

MOTLEY AND FLOURISH, Nos. 3 and 4, Tunes from 18th Century (Bauer). Played by Harold Bauer. Duo-Art.

And while we are on the music of two hundred years ago, this is another. It is by no means the tame music that is usually thought of as belonging to that period. Strong, masculine, and original, it is played with crispness and brilliance. Arrangement and performance alike are worthy of Harold Bauer.

THE ISLAND SPELL (Ireland). Played by Lester Donahue. Ampico.

A rich, colorful use of the piano. There are blurred effects by the use of the pedal and rippling runs. It is a pleasing imaginative piece.



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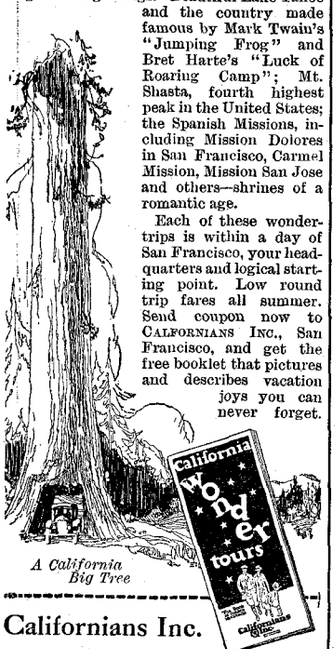

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